THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 73. PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT No. 720 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1894. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 49

FINIS.

Even for you I shall not weep,
When I at last, at last am dead;
Nor turn and sorrow in my sleep
Though you should linger overhead.

Even of you I shall not dream
Beneath the waving graveyard grass;
One with the soul of wind and stream,
I shall not heed you if you pass.

Even for you I would not wake;
Too bitter were the tears I know,
Too dark the road I needs must take,
The road that winds away from you.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORY DAW," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A WEEK after Jane's return, Lady Montrose made her appearance at Carno Court. She came quite unexpectedly. No invitation had been issued to her by Lady Ludlowe, and she received the most frigid of welcomes from her beautiful niece. A little coldness however did not trouble Lady Montrose.

"Here I am, Cynthia," she cried, in her brisk genial way, as Lady Ludlowe was hurriedly informed of her arrival—"just on my way up to join the Leiths in Scotland! Lucy is with them, you know. Was obliged to pop in on you for a day or two, just to see you are getting on and give you news of your mother!"

"I had a long letter from mamma this morning," observed Cynthia, shortly. She uttered no pretty words of greeting. Had her guest been any other than Lady Montrose, the rather sorry-looking horse in the fly would have been turned at once, and the occupant of the shabby vehicle would have retreated discomfited. Lady Montrose however merely laughed.

"Your mother is a good correspondent," she said, as she emerged from the cab and mounted on the steps. "Never knew such a woman for writing letters! Dear me, this is a charming place—charming—quite palatial!" Her ladyship sat down upon the first available comfortable chair in the hall. "I hope you will give me a room facing the south, Cynthia," she went on, as she took off her gloves and untied her bonnet-strings; "I cannot stand an east light or anything approaching an east wind. Oh, and please tell your man to pay the cabman; I have not a farthing of change!"

Lady Ludlowe's delicate brows were drawn into a decided frown. She gave the necessary orders to Meadows and to the housekeeper in her sharpest tones. It was evident to the servants that she was extremely annoyed.

"And a good job, too!" thought Meadows. He had no love or admiration for Sir Richard's young wife, but he was too loyal and too wise to join in the chorus of dislike that was to be heard all day long in the servants' quarters against Lady Ludlowe and her imperious ways.

Lady Montrose expressed enthusiastic admiration for all she saw.

"Upon my word, you are a lucky girl, Cynthia, and no mistake!" she cried emphatically, when she had exhausted her stock of adjectives.

Cynthia's face flushed hotly.

"If you will come up-stairs, aunt Susan, I will take you to your room," she said, her voice if possible colder than before.

Lady Montrose did not heed her niece's ungracious manner. She had set her mind upon getting to Carno Court on the very first opportunity, and, having achieved her end, she intended to enjoy her visit.

"Where is that dear delightful Sir Richard?" she cried. "And"—here Lady Montrose's voice sank to a whisper—"and how do you get on with the daughter?"

Cynthia vouchsafed no reply to these questions; she led the way up the stairs, and her aunt followed leisurely.

"I have quite a budget of news to tell you—quite a budget," exclaimed her ladyship. "I could talk for hours and never exhaust myself! However, as I shall ask you to give me hospitality for a week or so, there's plenty of time."

Lady Ludlowe drew a sharp breath; she was nonplussed for the moment. It was not possible to drive her aunt away immediately; but Cynthia was, after all, mistress in the house, and that was a fact she determined Lady Montrose should thoroughly realize before many hours had gone by.

Toiling laboriously up the wide staircase, Lady Montrose indulged in a quiet laugh.

"Cynthia is furious," she said to herself, not without some satisfaction; "she could not be ruder if she tried her hardest! Well, I have done what I meant to do, and that is everything;" and then she went on retailing scandal and gossip in her own peculiar loud-voiced way.

"So Beatrice Sinclair is married at last—at last!" she cried. "Did you read the papers? But of course you did! What a fuss they made, to be sure! I went to the wedding. She looked positively forty, poor thing! I am afraid we are going to have trouble with that Smythe girl; she is a ward of Montrose's, you know, and more bother than she is worth. Have you read in the paper to-day how that unfortunate Tring is? What—you don't mean to say you have not heard of his accident? Why, all the world is talking of it! He fell when out shooting the other day; his gun exploded, and Heaven knows what happened! I hear he is a most terrible object to look at," Lady Montrose said cheerfully, pausing for an instant to take breath—"can't possibly recover. I ran against Warner—who was called in to him immediately—only yesterday, and he gives the poor creature a month at the outside. Old Lord Hampshire is most dreadfully upset. I knew what it would be; I told that foolish young George Nugent what was certain to happen when he insisted on running out of the country the other day. Now Tring is all but dead, and you may be sure the old man will pop off quickly after him; and then they will have to send out to the Bush to find the Earl of Hampshire, and——"

"Here is your room, aunt Susan," Lady Ludlowe broke in hurriedly. She had turned very pale; and, as she ushered her unwelcome guest into the luxurious room, she made some excuse and hurried way. "I will send your maid to you," she said as she withdrew.

Outside in the passage Cynthia stood motionless. The news she had just heard seemed to paralyze her, and she trembled violently.

"He will come back! I shall have to meet him—to see and realize his greatness—to know every day, every hour what I have lost! How shall I bear it—the bitterness, the mortification, the despair of it all? Ah"—with a cry of pain—"it will be more than I can endure!"

She walked slowly, mechanically to her own room, turned the key in the lock, and shut herself in with the costly surroundings, the daintiness, the magnificence which had been the price of her own faithlessness. There was no beauty to her in any of her possessions at that moment; she had suddenly lost the sense of comfort, of intense physical enjoyment which she had experienced so fully. She hated it all as she she stood there. The charms that had so strongly appealed to her disappeared; she saw only in this luxury the chains that bound her to a life in which vain regret and hopeless desire spoiled everything.

A sense of impotent rage possessed her as she reflected upon the miserable mistake she had made in allowing those chains to be fastened about her, when a future was awaiting her compared with the gloriousness of which her present magnificence was dulness and insignificance itself. It was the irony of fate indeed that punishment should be meted out in such a form to Cynthia, Lady Ludlowe.

* * * * * *

Sir Richard Ludlowe amply atoned for any lack of cordiality on his wife's part by the genial warmth with which he welcomed Lady Montrose to his home.

"He may be only a commercial knight—a man of the people—but he has the heart of a king and the manners of a patrician!" Lady Montrose mused. "Upon my word I think Cynthia's luck is extraordinary. She has not only married a millionaire, but she has won a treasure of a man into the bargain. I begin to understand how it is Richard Ludlowe has made such a success of his life; it is to be hoped that this success will not desert him in his matrimonial venture; but, lovely as my niece Cynthia undoubtedly is, I don't think she conveys even a suggestion of sympathy, to say nothing of happiness. However, chacun a son gout! He looks radiant, and after all, if he is pleased, no one else need be considered—no one, that is, outside the family circle. But that child's face reveals a good deal already, unless I am very much mistaken."

Lady Ludlowe's aunt had taken a great fancy to Sir Richard's daughter; and Jane, with her usual spontaneous sympathy, had responded instantly to Lady Montrose's "loud" but most genial manner. The girl in truth scarcely realized how painful and sad the strange constrained atmosphere of her old home had been during the week that had just passed, until Lady Montrose appeared unexpectedly upon the scene; and, at the first contact with this laughing, chattering, cheery woman, Jane seemed to wake out of the curious dream in which she had lived since her return to Carno Court. It had been such a long dreary week, each day seeming to have had some new and separate sadness of its own.

Jane had a strange fancy. It was to her as though the picture of her old home had been conjured before her in a mirage or some visionary form. Everything looked just as it used to do. The gardens were unchanged, the quaint turns and corners of the house were there just as of old. The walls, the stairs, the doors, the servants—there was no difference in any of these; and yet, when she stretched out her hand to that mirage, when she would have touched the old beloved places, something rose up between herself and them, and she had to realize that they had escaped her touch f-r ever. It was hard to define where the extraordinary change began.

Outwardly the regime of the house was the same as it had ever been; the servants came and went, the routine of the day was carried out in the old fashion, yet the entire atmosphere of the place seemed altered. Where once there had been the sound of Jane's clear voice and merry laughter, where once the dogs had scampered and barked, and there had been freedom and absolute unconstraint, all was quiet and coldly peaceful. Cynthia's presence conveyed a sense of chilliness wherever she went. She was so calm, so stately that it would have seemed incongruous, almost vulgar, to disturb that quiet atmosphere with the wholesome sound of merry laughter.

It was not so much however this strongly-marked lack of sympathy in and about her young step-mother that depressed and saddened Jane so thoroughly. It was the indefinable feeling that came into her heart that her father's wife was absolutely antagonistic to her—that, for some unknown and inexplicable reason she, Jane, was objectionable to Lady Ludlowe.

It was a new experience for Jane to meet with such treatment. In all her life she had never encountered a human being who did not give her true affection and warmest sympathy; she was too young and unsophisticated to understand such a nature as Cynthia's. To Jane the unlimited selfishness, the autocratic will, the haughty domineering spirit that formed this nature would have been incomprehensible.

She had therefore no clue to the cold dislike her step-mother had so quickly evinced towards her. If she had been told that Cynthia was, among other things, actually jealous of the place she held in her father's heart, Jane would have smiled sadly and incredulously. When it was evident to every one that Sir Richard Ludlowe simply worshipped his young wife, it would have seemed ridiculous and contemptible to Jane had she known that Lady Ludlowe actually resented the half-careless tenderness her husband bestowed on his child.

This feeling on Cynthia's part was extraordinarily ungenerous. Instead of objecting to the only gleam of happiness left to Jane now, she might indeed have felt some pity for the girl who, but a few weeks since, had been as a queen where now she was almost an alien. Had there been any true nobility in Cynthia's nature, she must have conceded a measure of praise and sympathy to Jane Ludlowe for the gentle proud dignified way in which the child bore a state of affairs that could not be otherwise than sorrowful to her.

Cynthia had been long enough at Carno Court now to know something of the boundless love Jane had lavished upon her father, and it would only have been a tribute to her worth as a woman had she been sincerely sympathetic towards the young creature whom she had so absolutely dethroned. Jane however had no such feelings. Her vague and curious dislike for her husband's child grew deeper and stronger every day and every hour. She resented even Jane's presence in the house, although she saw the girl as seldom as possible.

And yet, while she was aware of this feeling, she was also conscious of a desire to have Jane in her own power, to order the girl's life, to supervise her actions, and in every way to make her thoroughly realize that she, Lady Ludlowe, was mistress not only of Carno Court and of Richard Ludlowe and of all his worldly possessions, but of Richard Ludlowe's daughter also.

Her aunt's openly expressed liking and admiration for Jane were extremely annoying to Cynthia.

"A charming girl—most charming," Lady Montrose declared, with warmth and sincerity—"the sort of girl who will be a beautiful woman—dangerously beautiful; she has that indefinable quality, fascination. You will have your hands full when you bring her out, Cynthia. I suppose you will present her next year?"

"Jane is very young; her education will not be completed for another two years at

the very least," replied Lady Ludlowe, coldly.

Lady Montrose laughed and sipped her tea comfortably. It was a day or two after her arrival and she was sitting in the hall with her niece. The weather was still very hot, and the hall-door was wide open. Lady Montrose, leaning back in her chair, had a good view of the lawn and trees beyond. She seemed to find pleasure in following the movements of a white-robed young girl who was walking slowly to and fro in the distance.

"The girl has such grace," she said almost unconsciously—"inherits that from her mother, I suppose. By-the-way, Cynthia, you have told me nothing about your predecessor. Who was she? An Italian—I know that much; but I know no more."

"I am afraid I cannot assist you, aunt Susan," observed Cynthia icily. "Richard naturally does not discuss his first wife with me."

"Why not?" queried Lady Montrose, who was not endowed with any superfluous delicacy. "If Montrose had been married before, I should never have been happy until I had known all there was to know."

Lady Ludlowe threaded her needle with some silk. She was quite an artist with her needle; for hours she had been accustomed to sit in that old dreary hopeless life working at her embroideries and her crewels, stitching her restless sullen thoughts in with the designs. She made no reply to the last remark; and Lady Montrose took up the subject of Jane again, with the satisfactory reflection that by so doing she was annoying her niece, and punishing Cynthia a little for her most ungracious and inhospitable manner.

"Of course you don't mean that Sir Richard is really going to keep the girl at school for two years more? Why, she seems already to be much too clever. I went into her room yesterday, and found her reading Greek as if it had been English. Imagine—Greek! I should think that governess of hers has done her work well. And then, if we come to years, Cynthia, why should not Miss Ludlowe be permitted to become a wife when she is young? You are not so very much older yourself, are you?"

"There is no comparison between us," retorted Cynthia sharply. "It would be absurd to compare my childhood and girlhood with the life of luxury and happiness that has been Jane Ludlowe's fate. I was a woman at twelve: I have had to fight the world ever since then—to fight for myself and for my mother when those who should have remembered and helped us managed to forget our very existence."

"Ah," exclaimed Lady Montrose, with perfect coolness—"you always were a model daughter, Cynthia! But I don't quite follow your argument. What connection can your unhappy childhood have with Jane's future?" Lady Montrose laughed a little. "Is it possible that you are going to try to get equal with fate by letting this girl have an uncomfortable time now?"

Cynthia's face was white with anger. She was furious with her aunt not only for daring to speak to us, but for having gauged so shrewdly her feelings towards Jane. She folded up her work deliberately, and then looked steadily at Lady Montrose.

"When do you join Lucy?" she asked coldly.

"You are in a great hurry to get rid of me. Sir Richard has invited me to stay as long as I like."

"I am not Sir Richard," rejoined Lady Ludlowe, rising.

A frown contracted Lady Montrose's brows; she felt angry, a very unusual condition with her.

"I am glad, my dear Cynthia," she said, speaking now quite as coldly as her niece had done, and not without a certain dignity, "that I was led into paying you this visit, if it was only for the purpose of giving you some advice and pointing a moral. You have so recently come into the world of fashion that it is possible your knowledge of good manners is still imperfect. As your mother's daughter and the child of a man like your father, this knowledge should have been an instinct; but your present conduct shows me you have still almost everything to learn. Be careful, my dear Cynthia; I am your relation and therefore I make excuses for you, but the world will not be so generous. It will talk about the old proverb of setting a beggar on horseback, and you may have to encounter some exceedingly disagreeable moments in your future career unless you develop—shall we say, a little tact?—and a pretence of sympathy."

Cynthia had been standing looking out of the hall-door while her aunt was speaking; now she turned and walked towards the staircase

"Let us be frank with each other," she said quietly and coldly, pausing at the foot of the stairs. "You accuse me of rudeness; if frankness is a sign of bad manners, then indeed I merit your rebuke. You came to my house uninvited; you are most unwelcome. I have no desire that there should be even a pretence of good fellowship between us, aunt Susan. When I was poor, and therefore a nuisance, you managed to forget me very successfully. Now I am rich I desire to forget you; and, with your permission, I shall succeed in doing so. If you have so much superfluous affection to spare, bestow some now on my mother, who is more generously inclined than I am and will accept all you offer most willingly. That is all I have to say."

But Lady Montrose had recovered her good temper.

"Pooh!" she exclaimed lightly. "My dear Cynthia, you must learn to be more worldly-wise. Of course I neglected you; everybody else would have done just the same. You are an exceedingly pretty person; my only daughter unfortunately is not. It was therefore not to my interest or to hers to bring you into any sort of prominence or to take any trouble about you. Your marriage however has worked a change in all that, and I am now glad to show you any attention in my power, both for your sake and my own. You wished for absolute frankness, so you see I obey you"- and Lady Montrose gave one of her self-complacent laughs. "It would be very foolish and unwise for us to have an rupture. At any rate, however disagreeable you may choose to be, I don't intend to quarrel with you; so there is an end of the matter."

Cynthia passed up the stairs, and she gave a weary sigh as she went, which fact did not escape Lady Montrose.

"Now what ails the girl, I should like to know? Is it temper, or what? She has everything in the world to make her happy, and here she is going about with the face of a tragedy queen and the air of one who has some great secret trouble. Upon my word, I don't understand Cynthia, and I don't like her! No; I do not like her!" Lady Montrose made the confession heartily to herself. "How dare she try to order me out of the house, I should like to know? She was always a cold hard unsympathetic creature. I never could imagine how she came to be Helen's child; but good fortune has made her worse than she ever was. One could understand a little bitterness and bad temper before, when her future seemed hopeless; but now, when she is where she is, and has what she has—well, all I can say is, it argues a very bad kind of nature to be so disagreeable and so dissatified. I suppose she must be a little more pleasant with her husband, or he would not be so infatuated; but undoubtedly she is not in the least amiably inclined towards that girl. I feel sorry for her, poor young thing!"

Lady Montrose sat and watched Jane as she came across the lawn towards the house, her two dogs at her heels.

"Why cannot Lucy walk as she does?" the mother mused regretfully. "Certainly she is a beautiful little thing; perhaps she is just a little too pretty to please my dear Cynthia."

As the girl drew near Lady Montrose called to her.

"Come and have some tea—it is delicious!"

Jane stood at the foot of the steps and hesitated, but only for a moment.

"I shall enjoy it," she said, with an eager smile. She could not help being touched by the interest Lady Montrose evinced in her. "I will just take the dogs round the other way. Lady Ludlowe does not like them going through the hall. I will be back directly."

Lady Montrose uttered an impatient "Pshaw!" at this; but Jane had vanished, and in an incredibly short time was back again and ready to partake of the tea.

"Now sit and talk to me," commanded Lady Montrose. Beneath all her worldly veneer and apart from her gossipy scandalmongering nature, there beat a heart that could be both motherly and tender when occasion demanded. Lady Montrose had little need to exercise these feelings as a rule, for her only child was trained on the most approved fashionable and egotistical lines, and there was no one about her ladyship to appeal to this second and better self; but Jane Ludlowe had managed to rouse this warmth, this womanliness into actual existence.

Lady Montrose was honestly sorry for the girl and sincerely liked her; there was something so fresh and innocent about Cynthia's step-daughter, and something pathetic too in her gentle acquiescence in the fate which had robbed her of so much and given her nothing in return. The fact that for some unaccountable reason Jane was already an object of dislike to Lady Ludlowe would have been sufficient to rouse keen interest and curiosity concerning the girl in Lady Montrose's mind; and, beside the sympathy she felt for Jane, there was the usual interest which this woman of the world always experienced in planning a good matrimonial future for any pretty and promising girl that came across her path.

"I think I shall ask your father to let you come into my hands," she said, after she had chatted on for half an hour. "I would undertake that you should thoroughly enjoy your first season, and get a good experience of the world. I am a most successful chaperon. Cynthia is not old enough to look after you properly. All my girls have done well, and I am sure you would do better than most."

The idea was exceedingly pleasant to Lady Montrose; she loved a new interest, and she pictured to herself a great deal of agreeable excitement in being the means of bringing about a good future for Sir Richard Ludlowe's only daughter.

"She is certain to have a fortune," she thought, "and with that face she might marry any one. Cynthia will do nothing for her. I can see now with half an eye how things will go with this girl unless some one else steps in and takes her in hand. Yes—you would do very well," she said aloud, leaning back in her chair and eyeing the girl's eloquent, delicate, and charming face.

Jane's beautiful eyes sparkled with amusement; she was quite ignorant of the full value and meaning of this speech, but she had a deal of humor, and, sad though she was, Jane found that laughter came to her easily and naturally in Lady Montrose's presence. She had never before seen any one like Lady Ludlowe's aunt. She enjoyed talking with her, and responded instantly to the sympathy expressed by the elder woman. But Jane could not conscientiously find it in her heart to admire Lady Montrose unreservedly. She felt repelled by the brilliant colors affected by her ladyship, and she could not help wondering why this elderly lady should wear so many jewels in the daytime, and why her cheeks should have such an unnatural and unbecoming glow. Jane however was quick to perceive the really good qualities that her new friend possessed, and there was no hesitation in the gratitude she expressed to Lady Montrose for her kindness.

"I don't think I want very much to go into the world," she said, and the old quiet, pathetic, serious look crept over her face again.

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Lady Montrose briskly. "You only say that because you don't know the world. It is a wonderful place, my dear, and to such as you it might be a paradise."

"I love the country," demurred Jane. "I love the stillness of the country—the grandeur and beauty of big hills, and the strong fresh wind." She spoke dreamily now, for her thoughts had gone back to that little Welsh village nestling at the foot of the mountains—to the peace and the charm she had found there, and to the strange sweet interest that had attached to the place during the last few days of her sojourn there. "I was in London once for a little while, and, oh, I did not like it at all! It was so hot and so noisy, and the houses were so big and so close together; and, oh, I think I never could have imagined there were so many people in the world as I saw in the streets!"

Lady Montrose laughed heartily.

"You are distinctly refreshing," she said, looking at Jane with sincere admiration; and indeed the type of girl before her was one Lady Montrose had never met with in the whole course of her chequered career. "Oh, certainly you would be a great success!"

Jane's face was suffused with a lovely blush.

"Would you like me to read to you a little while, Lady Montrose?" she asked hurriedly.

"Ah, yes, do, my dear! You read charmingly; your voice is like sweet music! I think I shall try to see if I cannot get my Lucy some lessons in reading; it is a delightful accomplishment. Take the World—there it is on the table beside you. Read me the gossip first." Lady Montrose made herself most comfortable in her chair. "Don't be surprised," she said, in her frank way, "if I happen to drop off to sleep. Your voice is so soothing, and I always like forty winks in the afternoon!"

Jane smiled and commenced reading. Lady Montrose interpolated exclamations and comments at the right time, but these became less frequent as the moments passed; and Jane, glancing across at her companion a few minutes later, was amused to note how soon her ladyship had fulfilled her prophecy and fallen asleep.

The girl put the paper down upon her knees and sat looking wistfully across the gardens to the trees beyond. She had a dull weary feeling upon her; she seemed to have grown many years older; she could hardly realise that she was once that happy contented girl who had gone searching for Mimi in the hot sunshine, and then had dispensed tea and cake to the dogs with such a light heart. She would never forget that day—the last day of complete happiness she had ever spent; she remembered each moment of it, and she shivered now as she recalled her first anguish when she had sat at the dinner-table with her father that night, and realized that her childhood's dream was ended—that his life and heart and love were given to another. She remembered how tenderly he had spoken of Cynthia—how he had asked her—Jane—to be kind to his future wife, to love her as she herself loved him. How far away that night seemed now—how far away that happy, happy past with all its innocent and simple joys! A mist rose before Jane's eyes.

She desired so greatly to fulfill her promise to her father; she was ready still to do all he had asked of her, but the task was not possible. The coldness, the quiet, inexplicable, yet determined antagonism that came from the other side frustrated all her plans of girlish generosity. There could never be any sympathy—to say nothing of love—between her father's wife and herself. Only one short week had gone out of the long years of life they must expect to spend together, and already Jane had learned the bitter lesson that there was one person in the world at least who would accept no good from her, and whom she must never call her friend. The girl's heart was filled with fear and vague dread for this future; she wished it were possible to have the evil all at one time; she felt she would never have the spirit or the strength to live through day after day, month after month, year after year in this cold unloving atmosphere. It worked such a change in everything. Already she had felt herself checked; she no longer ran to her father's side and flung her arms about his neck as she used to do; she no longer waited eagerly at the gate for his return, no longer sat and gossiped with him as he smoked. The dogs were banished from the house, and Jane's courage and joy of heart seemed as if they had gone with these beloved and faithful friends. She thought of the world of which Lady Montrose had spoken so warmly as she sat there, and she felt a great horror of the world. Cynthia had come from the world, and the influence she had brought with her seemed to carry desolation wherever she went.

Jane felt frightened of this world. All would be cruel, cold, disappointing; her whole soul yearned for the solitude and the peace of the country. It would have been joy inexpressible to her now to be set down once again with her dear "Summer" and the dogs in that little Welsh village. She had no pleasure in her old home; it was a strange place to her—a home no longer; but, out there in the wide fields, beneath the protection of the gray silent hills, with the music of the wind from the far-off sea, the scent of the flowers all around, and the contentment and gladness that came from contact with the simple country-folk, Jane whispered to herself she could know happiness again, though it could never be the happiness that had once been hers.

"I am afraid Ann could not call me an angel now," she mused sorrowfully, as thought followed thought, "for I am angry and tired and too miserable to be kind. It was easy to do good there, but here there is no chance; there is nothing but disappointment." And then Jane awoke from her musings as Lady Montrose moved sleepily in her chair.

"I must talk over things with Summer," she said to herself, brushing away the tears from her eyes; "she is so wise, so good, she always helps me."

Then suddenly, and in a most unexpected way, Jane felt a thrill of pleasure in her heart and a glow of warmth in her cheeks. Her eyes had fallen upon the paper again and had rested upon a paragraph she had not noticed before; it was

the sight of a printed name that claimed her attention so swiftly.

"The condition of Lord Tring," Jane read, "is giving the greatest anxiety to all about him. It is now definitely stated that the unfortunate gentleman cannot possibly recover. There was a slight improvement reported on Sunday, but there has been a relapse since, and the worst may be expected at any moment. The health of the Earl of Hampshire is also in a most unsatisfactory condition; he was rendered prostrate by the news of his son's terrible accident, and at his age such a shock is a most serious matter. It has been considered judicious to cable to Australia, desiring Mr. George Nugent, the heir presumptive to the Earldom, to return to England immediately on his arrival at Melbourne. Mr. Nugent cannot be expected much before the middle of November or the beginning of December."

It was the close of this paragraph that strange thrill of pleasure through Jane Ludlowe's heart.

"I told Ann he would come back," she said to herself softly. "How glad she will be—how glad, even though it is such a sad reason that brings him home! I must write and tell Ann. Perhaps she may not have heard the news."

Jane put the paper down gently and walked away noiselessly, careful not to disturb Lady Montrose.

"Will he be glad to come back, I wonder?" she mused, in the same unconsciously tender way, as she mounted the stairs to her own room. "Perhaps not—perhaps it will be coming back to his sorrow, whatever it is." Her face clouded quickly at this thought. "I hope he will be happier. I cannot help thinking of poor old Ann—how delighted she will be! I should just like to see her kind old face when she hears that her beloved Master George is coming back to her; I believe she will be ready to dance with joy." Jane laughed, and then blushed suddenly. "I should most certainly dance and sing too," she said to herself, with another soft laugh, "if—if I were Ann."

CHAPTER VIII.

LADY MONTROSE fully intended to broach to Jane's father the subject of the girl's being confided to her able chaperonage; but her visit to Carno Court was brought to a sudden close by the news of her daughter's indisposition in Scotland. Cynthia's aunt prepared to depart at once.

"I am sure you, at least, are sorry to lose me," said Lady Montrose to Jane, when she went into the girl's own apartments to say farewell. "You should thank Heaven, my dear, that you have been given a real woman's heart, and not one of stone, such as my niece Cynthia owns. Well, good-bye, little Jane! I have grown fond of you. And, look here, my dear—if at any time you should find you want a friend's help, just come to me; I shall always be ready to do what I can for you."

She kissed Jane warmly; and the girl expressed the sincere regret she felt at Lady Montrose's departure.

"The house will soon be very dull and cheerless when you are gone," she said wistfully.

"You must make haste and get a home of your own," said her ladyship.

She was by this time exceedingly angry with her niece. True to her word, Lady Ludlowe had treated her aunt throughout her visit in the coldest and sometimes the rudest manner possible, carrying out her threat to check all friendliness with such convincing force that even Lady Montrose was obliged to confess herself worsted. Indeed, if there had been no summons from Scotland she would have hastened her departure from Carno Court much sooner than she had planned.

Sir Richard expressed the warmest concern respecting the cause of her leaving so hurriedly; but Cynthia was no hypocrite, and feigned no sympathy, nor did she take any trouble to hide her satisfaction at her aunt's speedy departure.

"You may want a friend—one never knows!" cried Lady Montrose, as she shook hands with Mrs. Winter and again kissed Jane. "If I am in the land of the living you shall not want for long. I shall most certainly ask your father to let you come to me for the next season."

There was a tender expression in Jane's eyes as she watched the plump gorgeously-attired lady disappear through the doorway.

"She is really kind, Summer," she said as she went back to her painting. She was wearing a blue wrapper, and, standing before her easel, she looked most picturesque and delicately lovely.

Mrs. Winter, who was writing at the table, and whose kind face wore an expression of gravity and sadness, assented to this.

"Her heart is in the right place, and it is certainly not of stone," said the governess; and she paused for a moment before she spoke again. "Would you like to stay for a little with Lady Montrose, Jane dear?"

Jane shook her head and carefully put in some touches with her brush.

"I want to stay with no one but you, Summer," she said softly as she stepped back and surveyed her.

Mrs. Winter had her elbow on the table, and her face was shaded by her hand.

"Darling, there must come a day, alas, when I cannot always be with you!" she said.

At the tone of her voice Jane turned and looked at her suddenly, intently. A moment before she had felt a touch of sincere pleasure in her painting—she had made a sketch from memory of the little main street in the Welsh village, with the quaint cottage post office and Ann Martin's home introduced well in the centre of the canvas. Now this faint enjoyment was gone; she was alarmed, oppressed with a sudden fear, a dread that gave her acute pain.

"You have something to tell me, Summer," she said swiftly. "You have not been yourself all the morning. I noticed at breakfast you were pale and tired-looking—I feared you had one of your bad headaches, but now——" She stopped abruptly, and stepped across to where her governess sat. "Oh, Summer dear," she exclaimed brokenly, "is there more sorrow for me—more pain?"

Mrs. Winter clasped the girl's small cold hands, and tried to speak calmly, but there were tears in her eyes and she could not control her voice.

"My son Robert has need of me, Jane, my darling. I—I must go to him at once."

Jane did not answer for a moment, and when she did her old friend scarcely recognized her child's voice.

"This means that you are being sent away from me, Summer. Ah, yes, I know you would hide the truth from me, but you cannot succeed! I know I have spoken rightly. I should have been prepared, but I am not—I am not! I did not expect this."

The hands Mrs. Winter held ceased trembling; there was a tone of passion and indignation in Jane's voice that was indescribable. The girl was transformed in a moment—the pride, the strength, the power that lay beneath her gentle tender bearing were revealed.

"Tell me what has happened," she said. She withdrew her hands from her governess' clasp and sat down quietly.

"I would have spared you this, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Winter gently.

Jane took her old friend's hand suddenly and carried it to her lips.

"As if I did not know you!" she said very quietly.

Mrs. Winter produced a letter from among her papers.

"Lady Ludlowe, you see, desires my departure as soon as possible."

Jane read the curtly-written letter through, and then quietly put the paper down upon the table.

"You have replied to this, Summer dear?"

"Does it require a reply? Lady Ludlowe issues a command; it is for me to obey without remark or remonstrance. Indeed," Mrs. Winter said, with a sigh, rising as she spoke, and walking in deep agitation to the window—"indeed, Jane, my darling, I feel I have not the strength or heart to approach Lady Ludlowe on this or any other subject."

"But I have!" declared Jane passionately. "I do not consent to this; I have a right to be consulted in such a matter. I will not agree to lose you, Summer. I have lost nearly everything; you are all that is left to me. You shall not go—at least, you shall not go without a protest. I will not trouble myself to approach Lady Ludlowe. I will go to my father—he is my guardian, not his wife—I will abide only by his word."

Mrs. Winter turned from the window. Tears were streaming down her face as she stretched her hands out after the girl.

"Jane, Jane!" she cried.

But Jane was gone and the door was shut.

The hall was empty as the girl went down the stairs. The weather had suddenly changed. Rain was falling—chilly rain, which made the house cold and damp. The outer doors were closed firmly; the sunshine was gone. The girl shivered.

This last sorrow was too bitter to be grasped in its fulness yet; she only felt resentment against her step-mother for the cruelty of the blow she had dealt her. She left her childhood behind her as she passed down the stairs. She was a woman, strong and proud, almost defiant.

She opened the door of the drawing-room. Lady Ludlowe was sitting in a window, working as usual; Sir Richard was walking to and fro. Their conversation ceased as Jane appeared in the doorway. Sir Richard frowned quickly. Cynthia's beautiful face remained unchanged, and she continued her work after one upward glance at the new-comer.

Jane advanced into the room and shut the door; save for a spot of color on either cheek, her face was deathly pale. Her eyes had never been more beautiful; she carried her head proudly, and even the painter's smock she wore did not hide the grace and loveliness of her slender youthful figure.

"Father," she said, in a clear quiet tone. "I wish to speak to you."

Before Sir Richard could reply, Cynthia rose, and with a cold smile gathered up her work.

"I will leave you, Richard," she said. "Jane evidently has some confidence to impart."

Sir Richard put out his hand.

"You are my wife, Cynthia," he rejoined tenderly, and yet with a touch of anger in his voice which Jane realized was intended for her. "No confidences need be withheld from you."

Lady Ludlowe sat down again.

"Father," said Jane, and her eyes were fixed pleadingly upon her father's face, "I have come here to ask you one question. Is it your desire that my dear friend and governess, the woman who has served you so faithfully, who has loved me so well, should be treated ungenerously—almost disgracefully? Is it your wish that Mrs. Winter should be sent away from Carno Court to-day for no reason whatever and in a manner most hurtful to her feelings?"

Cynthia had relinquished her work and was leaning back in her chair with a slightly amused expression on her face that was not in harmony with her feelings at the moment. The proud independence of spirit that rang out almost for the first time in Jane's voice was intensely disagreeable to Sir Richard's wife.

"Dear Richard," she said, in her cold way, just glancing across at her husband, "I hope you will convince your daughter now and for ever that my commands are yours, and that when once I make a decision I never alter it."

Sir Richard caught the glance she gave him and treasured it. The power she exercised over him was now illimitable. To win a smile from Cynthia, to be rewarded by a kind word, to feel that he was making his way step by step to the heart and love of the girl he had married—this was now the true meaning of life to Richard Ludlowe. He had grown to forget everything and everybody but Cynthia. She was his queen and his tyrant, though the man's adoration blinded him to her tyranny.

He turned away deliberately from his child, from the eager-despairing eloquence of her eyes, and went over to Cynthia and put his hand upon her shoulder.

"Lady Ludlowe has spoken," he said coldly. "I have no other answer to give."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NECESSARY.—A clergyman who was settled some years ago in an American Southern town was in great favor with the colored brethren, and was frequently called upon to "sit in council" with the members of one of their churches in a neighboring town. Among those members was one old darkey with grizzled hair had in a high degree the gift for "responses" so much cultivated by the people of his color. He was always ready with "Amen!" and more than ready with "Glory!" but his particular fondness was for the fervent ejaculation, "De Lord gib us more faith!" On one occasion, when the clergyman in question had been called upon to discourse to this congregation, he illustrated his "practical talk" with the story of an occurrence which he himself had witnessed not long before. As he finished it, he said earnestly, "Now, my brethren, you would hardly believe, would you, that any man could have witnessed such a scene as that almost at your very doors?" As he paused, there came a tremendous groan from the old darkey, and with great fervor he ejaculated, "De Lord gib us more faith!"

TO PRESENT a man with a coffin during his lifetime would to us appear a strange proceeding, yet to do so in China is a great and much-valued compliment.

Bric-a-Brac.

BIG RUSSIA.—The smallest of the ten governments, or provinces, of Southern Russia is more than twice the size of Wales, while the largest is little less in area than Scotland. The total area of the ten governments exceeds that of France or Spain, while the population is greater than that of Spain by about 4,000,000.

STUDY AND BEAUTY.—A well-known London physician says he fears that the tendency of too much education or intellectual development in women is apt to make them lose beauty. He instances the Zaro women of India. They are supreme. They woo the men, control the affairs of the home and nation, transmit property, and leave man nothing to. The result is that they are the ugliest women on earth.

THE JAINS.—The Jains of India are the champion fasters, or long-distance do-without-food sect of the world. Fasts of 30 to 40 days are very common among this curious sect, and once each year a "radami" comes forward and undertakes the "grand fast"—a period of 75 days—during which time he allows nothing but warm water to pass his lips. When the fast is once begun the faster will carry it to the prescribed limit or die in the attempt.

COCK-CROWING CONTESTS.—A new and novel amusement has been introduced in Belgium which permits the peasants to have some sport. It is a sort of competition in cock crowing, and the game is conducted in this way. In a garden are placed rows of cages, each containing a cock. Before each cage, about a yard away, stands the marker, who notes the crows of his bird. The competition lasts for an hour, and it is the cock which has crowed the oftenest that takes the prize. At the last competition a rooster crowed 131 times.

IN JAPAN.—It is said that the contentment of the poor in Japan is the result of the spirit of politeness which pervades all ranks of the Japanese people. Rich and poor are alike courteous, and it is impossible to distinguish employer from laborer by their behavior. This politeness results from genuine kindness, and it settles all problems between man and man. In Europe and America much of the bad feeling between the classes and the masses is caused by insolence on the one hand and resentment on the other. It would profit us to take a few lessons from the Japanese.

ON A SUMMER NIGHT.—The Norwegian summer-night festival is duly observed on the 21st of June. In the evenings—if evening it may be called, for one can read a newspaper at midnight quite as well as by daylight—bonfires are lighted on all the mountain peaks; the fjords are covered with all manner of craft decked with lanterns, and burning tar-barrels, discharging fireworks etc.; and all the people in the boats—for the Norwegians are a very musical people—sing gaily. No one ever thinks of going to bed on this northern summer night, in which there is no darkness. From the boats the merry-makers adjourns to the islands, and dance and sing until morning.

OF THE PIGTAIL.—When the Manchus conquered China in 1627, or thereabouts, they compelled Chinamen to wear the pigtail as a mark of subjection. What was meant to be a sign of disgrace, however, has long ceased to be so regarded, and a Chinaman would as soon have you kill him almost as cut off his pigtail. Nearly everyone wears it, and when the hair is scanty they make it go farther by using silk or false hair. To tie two criminals together by their pigtails is to inflict upon them a degrading punishment. The school master uses it as a cane sometimes, the sailor ties his hat on with it, and men have been known even to hang themselves by it. In the presence of a superior it is always let down.

WHERE IS THE LAND OF ETERNAL FROST?—For hundreds of miles inland from the Arctic Ocean, Siberia is covered with vast treeless plains called tundras. In summer they form one immense spongy bog in which moss is the only growth. In winter they are deserts of snow to which gale and tempest give the shape of waves. As the tundras are scarcely to be crossed either in winter or summer, this great tract of Russia in Asia is one of the most desolate regions on the earth. Moreover, here is the land of perpetual frost. Beneath the tundras bordering the river Lena, north of Yakutsk, there is a thick layer of frost which never disappears. In winter it begins at the surface of the ground, in summer it is found at a point twenty or thirty inches beneath the surface, and penetrates all the year round in many spots to a depth of several hundred feet. No sage has seen charms in the face of such an awful solitude as this.

THE LITTLE TOE.—The little toe is disappearing from the human foot. At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Science it was demonstrated that in the last two centuries the average size of that toe has decreased so much that instead of three joints it has most frequently only two, and that, in addition, the nerves and muscles controlling it are slowly becoming useless.

ONWARD.

BY C. S. L.

We cannot stay; nor say that so and so,
The things have been through all the tract of time,
For us mere usage cannot be sublime;
That, which hath done its mission, let it go!
The New inherits all the Old; and more,
It widens its possessions by the lapse
Of adverse failing, tenures, and perhaps
Shall soon have wealth where was but show before—
Shall drain the idle marsh of ancient days—
Shall more and more repel th' encroaching sea!
Shall bid fair pastures, ordered lawns to be
Where erst was but a dense and tangled maze;
Shall cease to ponder on "disturbing dreams"
Shall spurn the false and plausible. The weak
Shall rise to manly insight, and shall seek
For that which is, nor care for that which seems
Hope we for ever for the "good old Time"
(The most enduring) which still lives and lives,
And trust the earnest force with which it strives
Will yet fulfil the promise that it gives.

A Dark Design.

BY S. C. W.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT had become of Miss Eveline Penrose? and was the coming ashore of the two men in any way connected with her presence in the combe? Such, or such like, were the questions Tony put to himself after his broken, inarticulate fashion. Had it not been for a vague dread of something happening to her, he would have gone on his way without a further thought for the yawl and its crew.

About three parts of the way down was the loveliest nook in the whole combe.

Here, under the shade of a silver birch, a rustic seat had been placed for the behoof of tired wayfarers and others, and here it seemed to Tony most likely that Miss Eveline would be found. Five minutes later he had made his way to another thick clump of undergrowth on the opposite side of the combe and nearly fronting the rustic seat.

Yes, there she sat, her book and sunshade beside her; and there, also, were the two men from the yawl, one of whom was at that moment addressing her, while the other stood in a respectful attitude a little distance away. Presently the one who was talking, who wore a gold band round his peaked cap and was evidently a gentleman, drew a paper from his pocket and, with a little bow, handed it to Miss Eveline.

As soon as she had read it she rose quickly to her feet and pressed one hand to her head like one doubtful and perplexed. Then the man spoke to her again, pointing at the same time to the yawl. Then Miss Eveline took a few steps in the direction indicated, but presently came to a halt as if her mind were not finally made up.

Once more the man spoke to her, this time with added emphasis and more gesticulation than he had employed before. Apparently, what he now said served to convince her. She seemed to hesitate no longer, but without once looking back, walked down to the bay and was assisted into the dingy, the two men following her. Before many minutes had passed, the yawl, her one sail set to catch whatever air there was, was forging slowly out of St. Bridget's Bay, having Miss Eveline aboard her.

Then Tony Scarbin, having seen all there was to see, turned his face inland and went his way.

Miss Penrose and Gilmour stared at each other in amazement and dismay, when chief-constable Fosdyke had brought his narrative to an end, which Tony had not failed to punctuate, as it were, at frequent intervals with emphatic nods of his head.

"What we should like to find out," resumed Fosdyke presently, "is the name and address of the gent with the gold-laced cap. I suppose now, ma'am you can't even give a guess as to his identity?"

Miss Penrose shook her head pathetically. She had never been good at guessing anything, and just now, as she told herself, her brains were all in a muddle.

"If we could get an accurate description of the man, it might help us materially," went on the chief constable; "but I suppose it's hopeless to look for anything of the kind from our friend Tony."

The widow Scarbin pricked up her ear.

"There's more in Tony than most folk think for," she said. "Just let me understand clearly what you want, and then maybe——"

In a few words Fosdyke told her how the case stood.

"If Tony ain't good at describing folk in one way, he's rare and clever in another. You just get me a bit of lead pencil and a sheet of paper, and you shall see." The required articles were quickly forthcoming. Turning to her son, the widow said, "Tony, Mr. Fosdyke wants a likeness of the gent with the gold lace round his cap who gave the paper to the young lady to read."

A flash of keen intelligence, which to Gilmour was nothing less than startling, leapt into the "natural's" eyes. It was as though two lamps had been suddenly lighted in the windows of a darkened room.

Taking the pencil and paper, Tony, with a few bold incisive touches, proceeded to fill in the features of the likeness one by one. At the end of two minutes he had put in the last stroke; and he thrust the paper across the table to Fosdyke.

That functionary took up the drawing, glanced at it and shook his head; it awoke no chord in his memory. Then he passed it on to Miss Penrose, whose spectacle were already astride her nose. Her eyes and Gilmour's took in the drawing at the same moment, and at the same moment a like exclamation broke from the lips of each: "Major Sulgrave!"

Then they started apart and stared at each other in blank amazement. Gilmour was the first to recover himself.

"Pardon the question, dear Miss Penrose," he said, "but may I ask whether you are acquainted with Major Sulgrave?"

"Am I not!" she exclaimed with a compression of her thin lips. "Not that I ever set eyes on him but once, and that seventeen long years ago. But that once was enough for a lifetime."

Then, in French, she added: "He is Eveline's uncle—her father's brother. When she was three years old he tried to compass her death, and would have done so had not my brother rescued her from his hands. And you, Mr. Gilmour, what do you know of this scelerat?"

Never in his life had Gilmour been so dumfounded. Sulgrave Eveline's uncle! Not even Tony was more helplessly mute than he for the next few moments. Then, with a great effort, he pulled himself together and, also speaking in French, said: "Major Sulgrave is my stepfather, and the villain who broke my dear mother's heart. If there is one man in the world I hate, abhor, he is that man!"

"And to think that my darling Evie has fallen into his hands?" wailed Miss Penrose, reverting to her native language. "Remembering what he would have done to her years ago, what may he not do to her now? Oh! Mr. Gilmour, what is to be done?—what is to be done?"

But for the moment Gilmour did not reply; indeed, it seemed doubtful whether he heard her. He was groping in the dim recesses of his memory after an elusive recollection which for a single instant had flashed itself upon him, only to escape him the next.

Mr. Fosdyke was again eyeing Tony's sketch.

"Ah," he muttered to himself, "I suppose they recognized the fellow by that gash in his upper lip. But I should imagine the likeness to be a good one in other ways. I had no notion Master Tony was half so clever."

Gilmour lifted his head and the perplexed look vanished from his face.

"Does any one here know whether there is a place, or building known as Ninian's Tower in this part of the country?" he asked.

Although the question was a general one, Fosdyke apparently took it as being addressed directly to him.

"I have never, to my knowledge, heard the name before," he said with a shake of his head. "But it must be borne in mind that I've only known this part of the country for a matter of eighteen months, since I came here fresh from Exeter."

Meanwhile Tony had touched his mother's elbow, and his fingers were now talking away to her at a rapid rate.

Presently Mrs. Scarbin said, "My boy tells me that he knows St. Ninian's Tower. It's some sixteen or eighteen miles from here across the moors, and stands all by itself close to the sea."

"Good!" said Gilmour. "Now, Tony, do you think that if I were to hire a horse and a trap and take you with me, you could guide me the nearest way to St. Ninian's?"

Tony's answer was three affirmative nods of his overgrown head.

"Good!" said Gilmour for the second time. Then he turned to Fosdyke. "Both Miss Penrose and I have recognized the person in whose company Miss Eveline Penrose went away in the yawl. His name is Major Sulgrave, and he is, or used to be, the owner of the building—little more, I believe, than a ruin—known as St. Ninian's Tower. Now, I think it most likely it was to that place that the young lady was taken, at least in the first instance, although I confess myself wholly at a loss to know by what means she was induced to go. What, then, I intend to do is to hire a horse and a trap and set out for St. Ninian's with the least possible delay, taking Tony to show me the way; and if you can spare one of your men to accompany me—for it is impossible to say what eventualities may arise—I shall esteem it a favor."

"Give me half-an-hour to make my arrangements, and I will go with you myself," was Fosdyke's prompt rejoinder.

It was already dusk when the three men started. Gilmour drove and had Tony—to whom he had lent an old traveling ulster—on the box seat beside him to point out the road. The back seat was occupied by Fosdyke, who had discarded his uniform for a plain suit of clothes.

Gilmour's last words before quitting Elderbank were a promise to its mistress to send back Tony with news as soon as he had any to send. Needless to say, a silent but fervid prayer for his success followed him on his way.

Then one slow hour after another wore itself to an end till ten o'clock had come and gone. Miss Penrose was on the point of sending Martha to the railway station to ascertain whether there would be another train from London before morning, when, for the second time that day, the solitary station fly drew up at the gate of Elderbank. Never had the sight of her brother been so welcome to her as at that moment.

Miss Penrose knew of old that Matthew had scant patience with the usual feminine style of narration, and the story she had to unfold was told with laudable brevity.

"That villain Sulgrave has a hand in this!" exclaimed the doctor even before any mention had been made of what Tony had been a witness of in the combe.

Penrose drew a long breath when at length his sister came to an end.

"And do you mean to say," he demanded, "that this artist fellow who is running after Eveline is Harold Sulgrave's stepson?"

"Such is what he avows himself to be."

"Wonders will never cease! That, however, at present is a matter of small moment. What is of infinitely greater consequence is that Major Sulgrave is at the bottom of the girl's abduction, for that it is nothing less than an abduction I cannot doubt. But there is one sinister feature of the affair of which, as yet, no one but myself knows anything."

He got up from his seat and began to pace the little room with his hands behind his back, even as Gilmour had paced it several hours before. His sister, who knew his moods, refrained from speaking. She could see that, in his restrained and undemonstrative way, he was deeply moved.

Suddenly he stopped in front of her and, without removing his hands from behind him, said:

"Drusilla, did I ever mention to you that Sulgrave called upon me in London one day about a couple of months ago?"

"No, Matthew, you never spoke of it. If you had, I should have remembered."

"Well, he did call upon me. Came to consult me about his health, having been recommended to do so by his own medical man. I made a careful examination of him, got his answers to a number of questions I put to him, and dismissed him with the assurance that there was nothing seriously the matter with him: Drusilla, I told him a lie—told it him of set purpose! My examination of Sulgrave revealed to me undoubted signs of incipient brain disease of a serious kind; such, in point of fact, as would be not likely, before the lapse of any long time, to develop into an acute form of mania, not improbably complicated with homicidal tendencies. And this is the man, Drusilla, who has got our poor girl into his clutches!"

His voice broke and he turned abruptly away. Never had his sister seen him so profoundly moved.

As the full import of his words, which at first she had failed to realise, made itself clear to her, horror and dread unspeakable kept her dumb. To the fear of she knew not what, which had held her in its grip before, a veritable nightmare was now superadded. Then, in a little while, tears came to her relief, as they had come so often in the course of the last few days. But she wept silently, knowing how distasteful such displays were to her brother. He, on his part, had resumed his slow monotonous pacing to and fro.

"Oh, Matthew, what is to be done?" asked the poor lady at length, to whom any long space of silence was always irksome."

"Nothing can be done—nothing whatever till morning. If you want to occupy your mind, pray for speedy news and good news." Presently he added: "The most sensible thing for us to do is to go to bed and get as much rest as possible, for we know not what we may be called upon to go through to-morrow. So, if you will give me my candlestick——"

It has already been told how, when Major Sulgrave took up his permanent abode at Langley Prior, he left his wife and stepson behind on the Continent, Mrs. Sulgrave, indeed, having refused to live under the same roof with him any longer. He had long before dissipated the fortune she had brought him, all except an income of a hundred and fifty pounds a year, the capital of which he was unable to touch.

This he now grudgingly supplemented with an equivalent sum, paid quarterly, which was the utmost he would allow her out of his rent-roll of eight thousand a year. The double income, however, being enough for mother and son to subsist on in tolerable comfort, Sulgrave never saw his wife again. When word that she was dying reached Langley Prior, he was from home, and he only reached Rouen in time to follow her body to the grave.

Basil, at that time a high-spirited youth of eighteen, with a heart embittered by a knowledge of his mother's wrongs, wholly declined having anything further to do with his step-father, who, on his part, was probably not sorry to have finally done with one whom he had always regarded as a thorn in his side. Basil had an aunt living in London who offered him a home, and to her he went. He and the Major parted at Mrs. Sulgrave's graveside and had never met since.

But when Basil recognized the original of Tony's pencil sketch, which he did the instant he set eyes on it, and when with such recognitions he coupled the astounding fact just revealed to him that the Major was Evie's uncle, and that she herself was the little heiress about whose (supposed) death he had often heard his mother talk; and when, in addition, another significant circumstance stared him in the face, that it was with Sulgrave Evie had gone away in the yawl;—when all these things began to place themselves mentally together, there came over him a vague recollection of having heard his mother speak of a solitary tower, overlooking the sea, situated, too, in that part of the country, as being the property of the Major, and a place to which he generally betook himself for a few weeks' fishing in the course of each summer.

Following up the train of thought thus happily struck, he presently called to mind the fact that the place in question was known as Ninian's Tower, as also that his mother had stayed there for a week in the course of the summer but one following her marriage.

But when Basil had got thus far, there came like a flash the question which fixed him with such instant resolution: Might not St. Ninian's Tower be the spot to which Major Sulgrave had carried off his niece?

St. Ninian's Tower, as it was called, although nobody seemed to know why, was a rudely-built hexagonal structure with no architectural pretensions of any kind. Of the date of its erection, and by whom and for what purpose it had been built, there seemed to be no authentic information forthcoming. It is enough to state that it had formerly belonged to the Bolderos, and together with a small old-fashioned farmhouse which stood no great distance from it, and about forty acres of poorish land, had come to Major Sulgrave by inheritance through his mother.

The manor house in the valley a mile or more away, untenanted for years and now fast falling into despair, had been the home of the Bolderos for several generations. They and the Arkenshaws had been the two chief families in that part of the county, each having its own vault under the little roofless church of St. Ninian's, which stood within a bowshot of the Tower. No services had been held in the church within the memory of man, save those connected with the funeral of one or other members of the families in question.

In a tiny cottage just beyond the precincts of the ancient burying-ground dwelt all alone a cripple, Barney Groome by name, whose duty was that of custodian of what remained of the church, but more especially of the vaults below it wherein slept so many dead and gone Bolderos and Arkenshaws. Of the former family the only one of the name now living was a maiden lady of eighty, who for the last half century had made her home at Bath.

The Tower, its age notwithstanding, was by no means in a ruinous condition, but comprised three rooms, one above the other, of which the upper ones, with their panelling of black oak, were still in a fair state of preservation.

As for the ground floor room, it had long been used by the people at the farm as a storage place for fuel and all sorts of lumber which has no recognized place of their own. Access to the rooms above was obtained by means of a couple of rude wooden staircases. Higher still was the leaden roof of the Tower which could only be reached through a trap-door. The two oak-panelled rooms, each of which was lighted by three or four narrow glazed openings high up in the wall, scarcely bigger than loopholes, were fitted up with a few plain articles of furniture and were kept solely for Major Sulgrave's use when he stayed at the Tower on the occasion of his fishing expeditions.

Finally, it may be mentioned that the farmhouse was tenanted by a man named Amos Gribble, together with his wife, his son and one serving woman.

CHAPTER VII.

THE nearest way to St. Ninian's from Trewella was across the moors but the road was little better than a sheep-track, and was one which no kind of conveyance could have traversed, unless it were a South African trek-wagon drawn by a team of bullocks.

As a consequence, the road which Gilmour and his companions were obliged to take led them a long way inland and lengthened the distance between the two points by several miles. The church clock was striking ten as they reached the little hamlet of Barnslade. Here, by means of sundry signs and gestures, Tony intimated to Gilmour that they should put up the horse and trap and do the remainder of their journey on foot, a suggestion which the latter at once proceeded to carry into effect.

Horse and vehicle were left in charge of the ostler at the Red Lion, from whom Gilmour ascertained that St. Ninian's was only a mile and a half farther on.

Before long the road began to dip gently down towards the sea, and then presently the faint dull booming of the incoming tide broke the quietude of the night. In silence they walked on till, at a turn of the road, they came suddenly on the Tower of St. Ninian where it loomed darkly against the starlit sky.

Gilmour's heart leaped up at sight of it: fresh life seemed poured into his veins. Leaving his companions at the lane to await his return, he went on a reconnoitring expedition which took him the circuit of the Tower. Black and silent it stood, with no single ray of light, or rather token of human tenancy visible. The heavy oaken door which gave access to it was securely fastened by means of a huge padlock.

By this time all the young man's elation had died out of him. Could it be possible that the Major had not brought Eveline to the Tower at all? or was it merely that he, Basil, had come too late, and that she had been bestowed otherwise? Miss Penrose's sinister avowal that the Major had tried to compass Evie's death when a child kept ringing in his ears. He shuddered to think what might have happened to her between Monday and now.

But not for a moment did he dream of going back to Trewella without some certain tidings of one kind or another.

He had spied a light shining through a chink in the shutters of one of the ground-floor windows of the farm, which might be taken as a proof that all its inmates had not yet retired for the night, and his mind was at once made up what to do. After a few words with Fosdyke, who, together with Tony, still kept in the background, he walked up to the farmhouse door, and knocked boldly.

Apparently his summons had the effect of startling the inmates. By pressing his ear to the door, he could just make out, that a low muttered conversation was being carried on inside, which, however, presently died into silence.

Then Gilmour knocked again, louder than before, and a minute later footsteps came to the door, which was now unbolted and opened, but only as far as the chain, which still held it, would allow of. Thus framed, what Gilmour saw, was the face of a woman verging on middle age, who carried a lighted candle in one hand which she shielded from the draught with the other. It was hard, almost repulsive-looking, with a net-work of wrinkles at the corners of the eyes, and a down-drawing of the corners of the mouth as of one whose life was one long grumble and complaint.

The woman peered out to Gilmour with what seemed to him like a mixture of distrust and defiance.

"I have called to see Major Sulgrave on a very special matter," began Basil. "Can you tell me whether he is at home?"

The woman's start at the mention of the Major's name did not escape the young painter.

"Why have you come here to ask for Major Sulgrave? This is not his home."

"I am quite aware of that, but I am also aware that he is or has been quite lately staying here."

"I've no call to answer any questions about Major Sulgrave—unless——"

Here her eyes seemed to take in the young man from head to foot.

"Unless you know something about the person who puts the questions," remarked Basil blandly. "Just so. One should never encourage idle impertinence. Allow me, therefore, to inform you that my name is Basil Gilmour" (here is my card), "and that I am Major Sulgrave's step-son—that is to say, he married my mother, and that, consequently, he and I are near relatives."

Some of the suspicion seemed at once to die out of the woman's face. "Oh! if you are a relation of the Major, that makes a lot of difference, and there can be no harm in my telling that he has gone fishing."

"In the yawl," interpolated Basil as a guess.

"Yes, in the yawl," responded the woman with a nod. "My husband and son are with him, and goodness only knows at what hour of the night, or morning, they will get back."

"In that case there's no help for it, and I must put off seeing him till to-morrow. If, now, I were to call about nine in the morning—or would that be too early?"

"It all depends what time the yawl gets back. The Major might or might not be up by that time. You would have to take your chance."

Thereupon Basil thanked the woman, bade her good night, and went his way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Portrait.

BY E. F. W.

A CHEERFUL wood fire burnt on the hearth, imparting a ruddy glare to the brass fire set, lending a polish to the furniture, and covering the walls with flickering and varying shadows. So bright was its blaze that the lighted candles were eclipsed.

Within everything spoke of comfort, without raged a tempest. The driving sleet pattered on the windows, while the rude blast, at times seemingly subsiding, sighed through the leafless trees that stood near the cottage, and again with renewed force whistled in its fury. Through the day and night preceding the evening which we speak, had the storm continued; and only those who have witnessed an "old-fashioned" snow storm in a bleak New England town, can paint from imagination and memory the gloom of nature.

Upon one side of the fire-place sat the faded wreck of a beautiful girl in the person of a care worn and grief subdued matron. Her daughter seated opposite bore a striking resemblance to her mother, and forcibly reminded you of what the mother must once have been. A laughing curly headed boy completed the circle, and though his features bore another stamp, if appealed to you would hesitate ere you could pronounce either the handsomest.

"Charles turn your face a little more from the light," said the mother. "Jane stand by me a moment. Now smile again, my boy." The mother's eye in rapid succession turned from the smiling lad to the portrait of his father which hung upon the wall, and again from the canvas to the living resemblance of one long since departed. Tears dimmed the widow's vision—the affectionate daughter threw her arms around her mother's neck seeking by endearment to soothe her grief, while the boy seated himself at her feet and clasping her hand wept because she sorrowed.

She was a mariner's widow; her husband perished in a winter's gale upon the coast within a few miles of his home. Seated as now upon a similar evening the young and happy wife held the boy now at her feet then an infant, in her arms; the daughter introduced as a young lady was then a playful child, as she gazed upon her babe's face she dwelt in anticipation upon her husband's return. What would he say upon being presented with a pretty boy,—his very image—born in his absence? Filled with fond hopes as a mother; and with happy feelings as a wife, she learnt she was a widow! Stretched upon a bed of sickness, wretched in mind and body she asked not for life, but rather looked upon the approach of death as a welcome event. Her prattling girl was brought to the bed side, and her smiling babe laid in her arms. The mother's feelings were awakened, and she shuddered as she thought of her children, denied a mother's presence and a mother's care. With a renewed desire for her health she mended slowly, and like the bruised reed though bowed down she lived on.

The daughter was now seated by her mother's side, while the boy still maintained his position. The burst of grief had subsided, and she sat in silent thought.

"Hark, mother! hear Canute bark," said the lad.

"Open the door, my son—remember if he is a dog he has feelings."

The boy obeyed and a Newfoundland dog bounded into the room, shaking the snow from his rough coat, ran toward his mistress, then again to the closed door expressing his discontent by plaintive and incessant barking.

"Why, Canute, what's the matter?" said the girl, patting her playmate in romping days—Canute wagged his tail but barked the louder. "Well we will see," and she moved toward the door. The sagacious dog was already there, and raised himself as though he would essay to open it himself. Though out of doors he did not leave the step but continued to bark and whine the more. Master Charley had donned his hat and joined the dog, who now trotted off through the drifted snow.

Jane had became as impatient as Canute, as she looked out to see what could be the matter. She could not see her brother, but the dog came running back, and jumping up, rubbing his nose against her hand and frisking about to assure her that it was all very well. Away he jumped again, and the next moment she saw her brother leading a person toward the house, while the dog seemed beside himself with joy. He now sprang through the half open door and sought the presence of his mistress.

But the young lady here had the advantage of Canute, for she could talk; and she now told her mother that "Charles was assisting a man to reach the house who appeared nearly exhausted."

"Well done old Canute, why you have as much intelligence and kindness as many reasonable persons," said the widow, patting the dog in her turn.

"God's blessing on him, madam, for if he had not come athwart me and stood pilot I should have perished in the storm. He can telegraph for relief, and hang out a signal of distress equal to a wreck master—but excuse me. I stand before you, madam, a wrecked sailor, penniless and hungry, and would beg you for food and shelter."

"You are welcome," said the widow, "but excuse my absence."

Jane drawing a chair to the fire for the sailor saw him seated, then followed her mother out of the room. However, she soon returned and busied herself in preparing a supper for the way worn guest, who seated at ease and warmed through had fallen asleep. Canute sat on the hearth stone and bestowed glances of approval upon the proceedings, the fair hand that regulated them, and the person so much a debtor to his sagacity.

Every comfort and luxury that a kind heart could suggest and their circumstances command fell to the share of the wrecked mariner. As he enjoyed the bounty provided he asked if illness was the cause of the absence of his hostess.

"No sir," replied the daughter. "It was in a similar storm to this that my father, who was a sailor, perished upon the coast. Mother always dwells upon the loss of him whom I was too young to recollect. This storm led her to think of the one that blighted her fondest hopes. I know her thoughts; for this evening she was noticing the resemblance between my brother and this, the portrait of my father. Feeling as she did at the time, your appearance, and tale of shipwreck, so affected her, that she was obliged to retire."

The stranger gazed in silence upon the portrait as if very strange, he muttered: when leaning his head upon his hand he was lost in study as if recalling some former incident. His eye caught the coffee urn which graced the board, starting suddenly, a gleam of intelligence ligated his countenance, as he beheld it, tears dimmed his vision.

"Oblige me, young lady, by reading the inscription that that urn bears."

"Presented to Capt. —— as a memorial of our esteem to one who perilled life to save his fellow beings."

The stranger had bared his arm, and called the attention of the girl to a name indelibly marked in Indian ink upon it.

"Arthur Frayle!" she cried. "The same name stands upon the urn, only it reads Arthur Frayle, R. N."

"The same, my girl."

"You then knew my father?"

"I did at that time, I was in the British Navy, and stationed off the Irish coast. My wife and daughter embarked in London for Ireland. Exposed to a dreadful gale in the channel the vessel was wrecked, many lives were lost, but my wife and daughter were preserved among others by your father's daring."

* * * * * *

Years had passed away; from the small cot the widow now enjoyed a comfortable mansion. The fire burned as bright, the inmates were the same as in the commencement of our tale, and still happy in the company of each other. Canute lay stretched upon a rug in front of the grate, a massive gold collar shone on his neck, while a young gentleman amused himself by placing his foot upon his tail.

"Come, Mr. Charles, as you may thank Canute for your education and profession please to find some other way to express your gratitude," said the sister.

"Hey day! Miss Jen-ny, do you kiss him, pray, as I believe that's the way the ladies pay their debts?"

"I never was guilty of repudiation, was I, Canute?" The dog emitted a faint but joyful bark in the negative; for old age forbade other demonstration of pleasure at her notice who had never slighted him.

"Oh, mother, let me take father's portrait to the artist's, for there could never be a better painting of me. I want a cameo cut from it."

"Never! Charles, shall that picture be moved—for if it had not been for that portrait, Capt. Frayle says he should never have known your father's widow. No, there it shall hang beside that of Captain Frayle's while I live. To me they are company and when you leave me alone I sit and look at them for hours. The one reminds me how grateful I should feel to Providence for such a husband. The other tells me not only of the Captain's generosity, but through the memory of your father's deeds we are amply provided for."

BISMARCK'S FAVORITE MEDAL.—One June morning in 1842, while his regiment was stationed for the summer's manœuvres at Liphehue, Bismarck and several officers were walking near the river. As they started across the bridge Bismarck saw his hostler, Hildebrand, enter the water from one side on his horse.

The river was swift, and to the dismay of the officers the horse lost his footing and threw his rider. The man began to sink at once. Bismarck, seeing his peril, quickly doffed his coat, sword, and cap, and jumped into the water, grasping his servant.

The man, however, insane from fright, caught hold of the future prince, and prevented him from moving his arms. A struggle followed. Bismarck, finding it impossible to loosen the death-grip while the man was above water, finally dived with him, and thus forced him to give up his hold upon his arms.

The officers on the bridge were certain that both men were drowned, when Bismarck again rose to the surface of the water, with his hostler unconscious in his arms. Being a good swimmer, and possessing in those days the strength of Hercules, he soon carried his burden to the shore.

His brave deed was rewarded with the medal for saving life.

For years and years after Bismarck had become the most powerful statesman in Europe, with the title of prince, with decorations and orders from nearly every sovereign on the continent, he wore this medal alone on his breast upon all state occasions.

SWEET GIRL: "Please look at this ring, and tell me whether the diamonds are paste or not?" Jeweler: "Those are genuine diamonds." "Really?" Yes, indeed, miss, and rare ones. They cost a great deal of money. "Oh, dear! And I would not promise to be anything but a sister to him, and now—boo, hoo!—he's gone."

THE following play upon words is said to be the utterance of an eminent judge: "Marriage is an institution intended to keep women out of mischief and get them into trouble."

THE RED-BREAST.

BY WHITTIER.

My old Welch neighbor over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring.
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother; "have you not heard,
My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like Him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth,
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do."

HIS ATONEMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

NOTHING could have been more ungracious than Dick's manner, and the Rector, grasping the feeling which prompted ungraciousness, smiled and sighed as he strode away in the gathering dusk.

"I hope I didn't frighten your friend away?" observed Dick rather hoarsely, as Phil came slowly back from the door, too sick at heart even to resent his manner as she would have done had she been less miserable. She was pale to ghastliness, and her heart was beating rapidly and heavily, making her breathing hurried and uneven.

"He was just going," she said quietly. "But is he not your friend too?"

"One hardly knows friends and foes nowadays," the young man rejoined bitterly. "I am afraid that I came at an awkward moment. Am I"—Dick was very pale and spoke huskily—"to congratulate you? The Rector is an excellent fellow and most eligible; and the Rectory is, as my cousin Sibyl says, 'a dream of a place.'"

Phil made no reply, but she raised her eyes and let them rest upon his for a moment. At the mute upbraiding in her look all Dick's miserable jealousy left him, and he caught her trembling hands in both his own.

"Phil, forgive me!" he exclaimed. "I did not know what I was saying. I had no right to speak to you like that!"

"I am glad you acknowledge that," she answered proudly, as her hands struggled in his clasp. She was trembling so much that she could hardly stand; but the handsome, angry, withal penitent face of the man she loved was dimly visible through the mist which was gathering over her eyes.

"I have hurt you!" he cried passionately. "I have been cruel; but, Phil you must forgive me. I have been half mad with misery since you sent me from you last night! I have not slept—I cannot rest! Phil, won't you understand me, dear? I do not care to live without you! I cannot let you go!"

She sank down into a chair, unable to stand a moment longer; and he sat down beside her, still holding the little shaking hands.

"Phil," he pleaded, his passionate dark eyes fixed upon her face—"don't send me away again! Be merciful to me! You, who are so tender and pitiful to every one, can you be pitiless to me? I love you—you know I love you! Why will you not put your hands in mind and trust me? My mother will yield when she realises that I am in earnest. And"—his voice sank to the tenderest whisper—"I will be true to you, beloved; I will take such care of you, and will teach you to forget all the sadness of your past. Darling mine, if you do not love now, I will teach you to do so in time!"

If she did not love him! Heavens, how her heart went out to him as he knelt there—his handsome dark face so near her own; his eyes, full of passionate adoring love, seeking hers; the pressure of his lips burning upon her hands! If she did not love him—she who would gladly have died for him!

And yet, because she loved him, she must send him from her. Because she loved him, she would not cloud his life by joining it with her own, so shadowed and disgraced. Because she loved him she must reject the prayer she longed to grant. She wonder wildly where she would find strength to do it.

He looked haggard, worn, and ill, and she could feel the feverish lips which touched her hands, and the burning fingers which clasped hers. He suffered, and he must still suffer for a while; but it would be better for him to endure now than to bear with him in all his after-life an eternal regret.

"Last night you gave me so many reasons for sending me away," he said, "that I could not refute them; there was not time, and I was unhappy, and spoke angrily perhaps. But I have been thinking since that I would accept none of them. There is only one reason which would make me accept your decision, Phil; and that one you will not give me, dear, because it would break my heart."

She did not ask him what it was—she knew; she knew too that her own heart would fail when she gave him that reason.

"You will not spare me," she said reproachfully. "I am ill, and must answer you another time."

"I can see you are not well, my darling," he answered, with a tenderness which made her long to creep into his arms and lay her aching head upon his heart. "My poor, pale, little girl! When you are mine, I will take you away to some more sunshiny place than this, and make you strong and well again."

He had pushed up the sleeve of her gown and was softly caressing her wrist; he stooped and put his lips to it.

"You must not," she protested quickly, trying to rouse herself. "This is folly—madness!"

"It is pleasant folly," he replied. "Sit down, darling; you do not know how happy you are making me."

He was striving desperately to appear calm and at his ease, but he was very much agitated. The sadness in Phil's eyes augured so badly for his hopes, but he would not give her up without a struggle.

"I think you do not know you are distressing me," she murmured faintly. "If you cared for me even a little you would spare me. I am not fit to be your wife."

"My darling!" he cried; but his lips were pale and his eyes were bright with pain as they met her.

"I could not do you such a wrong," she went on very gently. "You think you love—ah, do not be angry, Dick! This that you feel for me is not love. It is pity, tenderness, because I am lonely and unhappy—not love. It will pass, and you will find some younger brighter woman, who will give you all her heart and make you happy and love you as you deserve; and as I——"

His eyes were upon her searching, eager, passionate. As she met them the words of the falsehood she was about to utter died away unspoken.

"As you cannot love me!" he concluded for her. "You could not say it! You see you could not be so cruel."

He caught her in his arms with eager triumph; her head sank heavily upon his shoulder, and there was silence in the fire-lit room. She was so motionless in his arms that the young man thought she had fainted.

Presently she moved slightly, and he laid her back upon the cushions of her little chair. It seemed, in truth, as if she had lost consciousness for a few minutes, for her eyes were half closed and her lips were parted and ashy pale. She looked so ill, so fragile, so unfitted for the battle she had to fight, that Dick longed, unselfishly, to save her from it, and he watched her, in silence, with a great anxiety.

"You see," she murmured faintly, "I am ill; your words distress me. It is cruel to torture me like this."

"Torture you?" he echoed, in a grieved tone. "That is a cruel word."

"It is a true one," she answered wearily. "Won't you see how tired I am of all this? Do you think I could bear your mother's anger, the resentment of your friends, and your own contempt? Ah," she continued bitterly—"do you think I do not know that they ought to oppose you? Do I think myself a fit wife for you—a village schoolmistress, faded, old, and——"

"Whom I love as I have never loved, as I shall never love any other woman," he interrupted her gently. "Phil, are you trying to wound me?"

"To wound you?" she repeated, turning her great sad eyes upon his face. "Oh, Dick, won't you understand? I know how unhappy we are making Lady Marcia—not only unhappy, but ill, and I want to put an end to it. Do not think that I do not feel your goodness and generosity—I am scarcely in a position not to see how great they are; but it would be a poor recompense for them, Dick, if I took you at your word, and saddled you with a wife of whom you would soon be ashamed."

"Ashamed? What folly!" he cried, with eager tender reproach. "Oh, love, what quality is there my wife should have that you do not possess? Darling, try to stoop to me and make me worthy of your noble life!"

His head sank forward upon her clasped hands, and there was a brief silence.

Ah, how hard it was not to yield! He was so good and so tender, and she was so lonely and so unhappy. But, even if there were nothing else between them, her father's weakness was a barrier which could not be overpassed.

She had suffered so cruelly from it that she could not cast its degrading shadow over the happier life of the man she loved, and she could not leave her father so long as he needed her.

It was all very sad and hopeless, the girl thought, looking down at the dark head bowed upon her knee. Even Lady Marcia suffered; she had heard of her son's infatuation for the village schoolmistress, and no doubt there had been a scene at the Hall which had accounted for that severe fainting attack to which the Rector had alluded.

How could she, to win a brief spell of happiness for herself, bring so much misery? And would she be happy even for that brief space of time? Would she not always remember the shadow which hovered her? Would she not be haunted by the certainty that Dick's love would vanish before the trials to which it would be subjected?

Why, even now the knowledge that he loved her brought her such mingled joy and anguish that they seemed more than her strength would bear! She had been supremely happy for a few brief moments, and for that happiness she must pay with a lifetime of renunciation and longing; while he—this man who loved her so much now—in a few months would have forgotten his folly and be able to smile at his infatuation.

He could not smile at it now, poor fellow, for there were tears in the pleading passionate eyes he raised to hers.

"Phil," he whispered, "reconsider your answer, dear."

With an involuntary caressing movement she pushed his dark hair from his forehead; she could feel how his temples throbbed under her hand, which he drew gently down and pressed to his lips.

"Give me another answer," he implored eagerly, smiling; although his eyes were dim—"tell me you will be my wife, Phil?"

"I cannot," she returned, her lips ashen gray.

"There is only one reason for your refusal that I will accept," he replied steadily, almost coldly in the restraint he was obliged to put upon himself. "If you love me, Phil, nothing shall part us!"

He paused, and his eyes met hers with a very passion of appealing love. The girl felt as if the floor of the little room were giving way beneath her, as if she were being engulfed, and for a moment she could not speak.

"Phil, darling, beloved," the young man cried wildly, "you see—you——"

She put up her hand with a deprecating gesture.

"I do not love you," she said faintly. "I cannot be your wife."

"Is that your decision?" he asked in a strange hoarse tone.

"It is," she answered, wishing she could die at that moment.

He looked at her for a moment in silence; then his head sank forward against her, and the stillness of the room was broken by a man's dreadful stifled sobs. At the sound the girl started wildly, then sank helplessly back. She felt as if she were dying.

"Don't, don't!" she whispered tenderly at last. "I cannot bear to see you thus, Dick."

Even in his misery the anguish of her voice reached him, and he made a desperate effort to regain his self-control.

"Forgive me," he murmured, and, rising slowly to his feet, turned from her, so that she might not see his haggard, miserable, tear-stained face.

How long the silence which followed lasted neither of them ever knew. Phil was but half conscious, while the Squire was fighting against his misery, despair, and disappointment. He believed the lie she had told him, and accepted her refusal.

It was all over, he thought disconsolately; she did not love him, and he must go away and leave her, alone—worse than alone, in truth—and suffering as she was. It was very hard: he would have been so kind to her!

He wondered, if he had not asked for love, if he would have been more successful. Many women married without love, and he could give her the rest and ease and care she so sorely needed.

With a sudden impulse he turned to her, but the words he wished to speak died unuttered on his lips. Philippa Gordon did not look like a woman who would marry a man she did not love, even for a home. He pulled himself together with an effort. He felt dazed with misery, but he still could think of her.

If he had guessed that his visits to the cottage had been commented upon in the scandal-loving little country town, it had not troubled him much. No one would dare say a word against his future wife, he had told himself, but now that that hope was gone it behoved him to be careful of her. She had enough to bear, poor child, without making evil tongues wag at her expense.

"I must not keep you any longer," he said, in a calm but weary tone, which spoke plainly of what he had gone through. "Forgive me for all the pain I have caused you; and don't grieve, Phil. I am an unlucky beggar, dear; the love I want is not for me. Well, Heaven bless you and the lucky fellow who has won it! And don't let the thought of me distress you or drive you from your home," he added earnestly. "I am going away. My mother and I are going abroad—the winter here tries her. Say 'Good-bye' to me, Phil"—he held out his trembling hand to her—"and, if you think of me at all, let it be kindly."

She had scarcely strength enough to raise herself to her feet; the hand she put in his was cold, inert as the hand of a dead woman. He looked at her with a great sadness in his dark eyes.

"Good-bye," he repeated tenderly.

She tried to echo the word, but her voice failed her. If he had taken her in his arms then and pressed his lips to hers, she could not have prevented him; but he did not know that. He stooped over her hand and kissed it with a long, tender, sorrowful pressure, such as he might have left upon the lips of some beloved dead one. The next moment Phil was alone, standing as if turned to stone where he had left her.

The fire blazed up, then the burning coals sank together in a red mass, and it grew dark outside. Phil's little maid carried in the lamp, and drew the curtains over the lattice-windows, but the schoolmistress never moved. She stood still, motionless and pale as the dead, but without that blessed immunity from pain and suffering that the dead possess. The darkness grew and deepened, and night crept on.

Presently the stillness without was broken by a heavy unsteady step on the pathway; the door of the cottage was pushed open noisily, and a loud, husky voice sounded without.

Phil started violently, and, with a little cry, put both her hands to her head, covering her eyes as if to shut out some terrible vision. The heavy footsteps and the hoarse tones came nearer, the door opened, and Doctor Gordon came in, his eyes bloodshot, his handsome haggard face flushed, his figure swaying as he supported himself by the door.

"Phil, my dear," he stammered; and the girl uncovered her eyes and turned her anguished face toward him.

"Phil!" he repeated uneasily, and made a step towards her; but, without a word or cry, she fell heavily at his feet.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next morning, while the Rector and his mother were at breakfast in the cosy Rectory morning-room, Dick Forsyth entered unannounced. The young man looked in the strong morning light worn, haggard, and suffering, and the hand he gave Mr. Venn in greeting burned like a hot coal. He did not perceive the cold manner of the stately old lady who presided at the daintily-spread table; but even her face softened at the pain evident

in the dark eyes of the man she had known and loved all his life.

"I am going away," Dick announced abruptly. "I have come to say 'Good-bye,' Mrs. Venn."

"And your mother?" the Rector's mother interrogated quickly, while her son felt a pang of intense pity for the man whom he had believed to be his favored rival, but who had evidently shared his own fate.

"She will join me in town," he answered quietly. "We are going abroad together for a while; but she will return in the early summer."

"And you?"

"I don't know; I have made no plans," he replied wearily. His hand shooked as he rested it on the table; and Mr. Venn put his own over it with a strong pressure full of friendly sympathy.

"Before I go, there is something I want to say to you, Rector, and to you, Mrs. Venn," the Squire said impressively. "I am afraid that I have been thoughtless, and that my want of consideration may give some pain to a person who is very dear to me. They tell me, Rector, that my visits to the schoolhouse have given rise to remarks which are likely to injure Miss Gordon."

He paused for a moment; his lips were white, and his hand gripped the Rector's with unconscious strength. Mrs. Venn was looking at him with keen scrutiny, while her son averted his eyes, as if he could not bear to see the pain in the lad's face.

"Perhaps I ought to have considered that Miss Gordon's position is not quite that of any other lady living under her father's protection," Dick went on. "But she is worthy of all honor and respect, and I would rather die than let an evil word be spoken of her through me. I want to tell you, Rector, and you, Mrs. Venn, that I have twice asked Philippa Gordon to be my wife."

There was something in his manner which silenced the eager words which sprang to the old lady's lips, and her keen eyes softened with a mist of tears as she looked at him.

"But she refused me," he concluded.

There was a silence which neither the Rector nor his mother broke. Presently Dick spoke again, rising from his seat.

"I have told you this, Mrs. Venn," he continued huskily, "because I want you to be good to her. So long as you are her friend, evil tongues will be powerless to hurt her. She is very lonely, poor child, and when I think of her life I feel as if I were scarcely worthy to touch her hand. I shall go away happier," he added, with a sorrowful smile, "if I feel that she has a friend in you, my dear old friend."

"Then be sure of it," the old lady cried, with tears in her eyes, as she drew the young man impulsively to her and kissed his wan cheek. "I will be her friend, Dick."

"Thank you!" he rejoined tremulously. "Good-bye!"

The Rector went with him to the door. Dick had not thought it necessary to commend the woman he loved to him; perhaps he knew there was no need. For a moment they stood together hand-in-hand, but neither could utter a word. Then Dick sprang into the dog-cart, in which his luggage was already packed, and drove rapidly away.

* * * * * *

When the holidays were over and school began again, Miss Gordon was in her place, calm and composed as usual. She was very pale, and her serge gown hung loosely upon her; but she did not complain, and was as devoted as ever to her work. Once or twice the schoolroom had grown suddenly dark before her eyes, and the rosy faces of her pupils had faded; but she had struggled through without losing consciousness, and after a time the faintness had passed.

The Christmas holidays, with their misery, their unrest and sweetness, appeared to Phil as if they had never been, and Richard Forsyth had dropped out of her life as entirely as if he had never been its central figure.

The Hall was closed, as Lady Marcia was going to spend the winter abroad; and the townspeople soon forgot that they gossiped about the Squire's visits to the schoolmistress.

Indeed, if Mrs. Venn had not favored Miss Gordon, the schoolmistress would surely have been dismissed, for her father's actions had given rise to much comment, and it seemed to be growing from bad to worse.

The Doctor seemed indeed to have lost all power of resistance against the evil which degraded him so terribly. He had found means to gratify his craving for stimulants by an occasional contribution to some of the medical papers, for which he received handsome remuneration; and these articles were so brilliant, and showed such a complete mastery of the details of the profession of which he had once been an ornament, that, unsigned as they were, they were attracting much attention, and the creditors of the medical journals were eager in their demands for "copy."

Phil never knew in what condition she might find her father when she returned home after school was over. Sometimes for days together he would be stupefied by insidious drugs he managed so cleverly and cunningly to procure from the chemists in the neighboring large town; sometimes he would be excited, noisy, reproachful; at others maudlin, irritable and full of peevish repinings and complaints.

Of course there were intervals of reason and restraint, but these were almost more trying to the tortured girl. His penitence and remorse were so deep, his self-reproach was so intense, that she was kept in constant fear of his despair driving him to some rash act, a fear she dared not let him suspect.

The old pleasant evening hours were gone for ever. The Doctor had lost interest in his books and in her music. While the madness was upon him he could not shake it off. Sometimes, for two or three weeks together, his daughter's entreaties and the Rector's remonstrances would keep him from the poison he loved so much, and then poor Phil's hopes would rise only to be dashed to the ground again.

The girl looked terribly ill, haggard, and worn, and, but for the tender friendship of the Rector and his mother, she felt as if she must sink under her load of misery.

She rejoiced that she had had the strength to refuse Dick; but how she missed him, how she longed for the touch of his hand and the look of his kind dark eyes, no one but herself knew.

Those were terrible hours in her sleepless nights when her whole soul cried out for him and she yearned for his return. The friends who cared for her did not know of these.

The Squire was never mentioned to her by either the Rector or his mother; and yet, on a fair evening in early summer, when the clergyman walked towards the schoolhouse wondering how he would break to her the tidings he had to give, he was aware by his first glance at her face that she knew, and that there was nothing left for him to tell.

It was one of the Doctor's sober periods. He had been very careful for quite ten days, and he had resumed all his old tenderness of manner to his daughter, who had striven hard to be her old self to him. She had seen how his eyes followed her with loving anxiety, and he had remarked once or twice upon her pallor. But Phil had smiled reassuringly, and said that the first warm weather was always a little trying, and it was very hot for May.

It was, in truth, unusually warm for May, and the Rector wiped the perspiration from his forehead as he reached the top of the hill and hesitated a moment before entering the cottage. The weather was not only close, but damp, and the atmosphere was heavy.

There was a good deal of illness, trifling in itself perhaps, among his parishioners; but Doctor Macmillan had looked somewhat grave that morning when he had said something about hoping for cooler weather soon.

The Rector understood the Doctor's anxiety. The town was low-lying, not well drained, and the water supply left much to be desired, so that any illness of an infectious kind would take a terrible hold if it broke out there.

The pretty quaint sitting-room in which Phil and her father sat was cool and pleasant. The window was wide open, there was no fire, its place on the hearth being taken by a big bowl of flowering hawthorn. The schoolmistress had just come downstairs, having changed her serge gown for one soft gray; but she retained her white collar and cuffs, and looked a quaint Quaker-like figure in the quiet room. She looked up when the Rector entered, and smiled; but he saw a look on her face which indicated that she had heard the news he brought.

"Come in, Rector!" cried Doctor Gordon, rising to meet Mr. Venn. "You look hot. Extraordinary weather for May, is it not? Phil says the children were all drowsy and upset by it this afternoon."

"And what about the teacher?" asked the Rector kindly.

"Oh, she rather enjoys it!" Phil answered brightly.

"Phil is quite a salamander," observed her father, with a faint smile. "Well, Rector, and what do you think of the news?"

"News?" echoed Mr. Venn stupidly.

"Yes—the Squire's engagement to his cousin. I suppose it did not surprise you? It was on the tapis at Christmas, was it not?"

"No—certainly not," replied the Rector hurriedly. He did not look at Miss Gordon, but she must not be allowed to remain for a moment under a misapprehension which could not fail to add to her pain. "Lady Marcia may have wished it then perhaps, but there was nothing between them—I am quite certain of that. I have heard from Lady Marcia. They are in London. Miss Mayor is quite an heiress."

How bravely Phil bore it—this woman who loved Dick Forsyth if ever any man were loved! Her manner was much as usual, and only that indescribable stricken look upon her face showed the keen-eyed Rector what she felt. It was so short a time ago. Was it possible to forget so quickly as Dick had done?

Of course it was all for the best, the kind clergyman owned. He had agreed to that assertion when his mother had made it that morning at breakfast, reading Lady Marcia's triumphant epistle. But Mrs. Venn's eyes had been full of tears, which she had brushed hurriedly away, and there had been by no means an unmixed expression of satisfaction upon her countenance. It was a good match for Dick; the girl was very beautiful and rich, and his mother loved her. The Rector reproached himself because he could not wish Dick happiness as heartily as he would have liked to do.

He sat for a little while in the pretty sitting-room, talking to Doctor Gordon. The great bunch of hawthorn was filling the room with its fragrance, and the daffodils were nodding their graceful heads in the little garden before the window.

Phil gave them some tea, and joined now and then in their conversation, at the same time working busily at some delicate embroidery. There were frequent pauses in the talk, and Doctor Gordon found it difficult to keep up his pretence at cheerfulness, while Phil felt as if some one had torn open a scarcely-healed wound.

More than once her father returned to the subject of the engagement—it seemed to have something almost like fascination for him—the truth being that he found it difficult to start a fresh subject, and therefore fell back upon this one. The Rector did not seem to know much about it; and he believed the marriage would not be long delayed—no doubt it would take place some time during the summer.

"A grand affair, doubtless," suggested Doctor Gordon.

"Unquestionably," agreed the Rector; and, having done what he had felt he ought to do, although cut to the heart by the look on Phil's face, which her forced smiles could not conceal, he went his way, feeling that his news had stabbed to the heart one whom he loved.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT WE OWE TO DECORUM.—"I will do as I please," says many a headstrong young man, "for whose business is it, if I choose to take the consequences?" Not so fast, good sir. If you knew more of human nature, you would be aware that you cannot outrage even the small conventionalities of life, which are known under the common name of decorum, without injuring your reputation, estranging your friends, and preventing strangers who might be useful to you, from making your acquaintance. But this is not all. You have no right to disregard decorum, for the consequences reach others besides yourself. Your example is always doing harm, when it is not doing good. Your conduct affects the standing of your family and associates, as well as yourself. Going through life is like treading among a labyrinth of spring-guns. If you follow the beaten track, you are safe. But if you diverge to the right or left, your indiscretion is sure to injure yourself, and may harm others also. A wise man never outrages decorum, recklessly violates prejudices, or thoughtlessly acts regardless of the opinion of the world.

THE FRETTING OF CHILDREN is frequently caused by Worms. Irritation in stomach and bowels, a foetid breath, constant thirst, and irregular and greedy appetite, which often craves strange things, are among the common symptoms. You will find Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge a handy remedy for them, and an excellent Tonic for the Dyspepsia of old and young. Sold by all Druggists.

Scientific and Useful.

RUST.—To prevent rust of iron or steel, immerse or wash the article for a few minutes with a solution of carbonate of potash or soda.

ORANGES.—Part of an orange taken to the kitchen sink, broken, and rubbed on the hands of the person who serves at table is a good way of severing all connection with dish-cloth or other greasy odors for the time being

GOOD TEA.—To make good tea, have perfectly fresh boiling water, warm the pot, dry it, and put in the tea—one spoonful for each person, and one over for the pot. Then pour on the water, and let the tea brew for five minutes. Do not use a metal pot.

WATER-PROOFING.—According to Holfort's process for waterproofing fabrics, the materials are first passed through a bath of gelatine, then exposed to the action of formaldehyde in a gaseous state. The gelatine is thus rendered insoluble and imparts water-resisting properties to the fabrics.

MEASURES.—A teaspoonful is almost exactly one drachm; a dessertspoonful, two; a tablespoonful, four. The regulation wine-glass holds two ounces; a common teacup, about six; a tumbler, about 10. With these facts in mind it is possible for anyone to give proper doses of medicine or medicinal preparations without aid of the graduated vessels employed by pharmacists.

ARTIFICIAL SILK.—An improved process for making artificial silk is said to have been patented in Paris; but the method adopted seems to be of rather a complicated nature. The raw material is a mixture of pyroxylin, acetic acid, isinglass, and gutta-percha in bisulphide of carbon. The threads made from this mixture are passed through several different baths before they assume the appearance of silk. Another process for the manufacture of real silk direct from the mulberry tree without the intervention of the silkworm is reported from the other side; but the story savors rather too much of the Munchausen type to be taken without the proverbial grain of salt.

Farm and Garden.

YOUNG ANIMALS.—Every stock grower knows the importance of starting the young animal off in good shape. But we are sorry to say that there are yet some who do not go quite to the bottom of things, and begin by giving it a good sire. That is the most important point of all, for without it good feed and good care are only half effective.

BUTTER.—We know of no poorer business than shipping poor butter to any market. There always has been and there always will be an overstock of low grades of butter, and it is equally true that the stock of first-class butter rarely exceeds the demand. Those who do not know how to make good butter had better sell their cream to some one who does.

LIVE STOCK.—It is impossible in the growing of live stock to formulate any set of rules that will surely pave the way to success. Much depends on the man—more, perhaps, than any other factor. But there are some things that, with the right man, go a long way to insure success. One of these things is the furnishing of every head of young stock with a good sire.

THE COW.—The cow that has been bred for milking purpose can be profitably kept for that use until she is eight years old. If she does not remain a good milker for that length of time, her breeding is at fault. This is beyond the age at which the animal can be profitably made into beef. The moral is that if you are after a milker, don't lay much stress on having a good beef animal too.

MANURING.—There are two methods of manuring, one spreading it on the surface, and the other plowing or digging it in. As the result of long experience it is found that much better results are achieved by surface manuring than by the other methods. In fruit trees, especially, this has been found to be the case. The top dressing should be applied as soon in that spring as the frost is gone, or, at least, in time to get the benefit of the spring rains, which carry the fertilizing material a little way beneath the surface of the soil.

$100 Reward, $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 9, 1894.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 5.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Publication office, 726 Sansom St.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Contributors must enclose stamps for return of MSS. in case of rejection. THE POST will not be responsible for them where this condition is not complied with. Always enclose postage for correspondence, or other business matter requiring separate reply, to insure response.

The Lesser Pleasures.

Food, shelter, clothing, beauty, companionship, thought, change—nearly all these conditions of pleasure are within reach of every one of us; and we should be a great deal happier and less envious than we are if we realized how little is left for us to gain by worldly striving, though there may be much to gain by a change of spirit.

Take the very elementary and common consideration of food. The difference between the rich and the poor is often the difference only between appetizing niceness and roughness. The same food may be made fit or unfit for anybody's eating. We leave out of account the gourmand who makes his dinner the special pleasure of the day, and grows elated or sad over the flavoring of an entree; and we do not deny that many wholesome simple dishes are beyond the purse of the poor; but, on the whole, it is true that the pleasures of the table are dependent chiefly on the skill of the cook.

In the same way, clothing suitable for all kinds of weather and work may look as attractive on the limbs of the person of moderate means as on the limbs of the millionaire.

The world's beauty is gratis; her storehouse of thought has open doors; human companionship waits on our right hand and on our left; and it is only in the difficulty of finding change that the wage-earning man is at a great disadvantage when compared with the wealthy.

All the best pleasures of life are simple, and many of them are free. Perhaps the fullest illustration may be found in the common enjoyment of going for a walk, which, viewed aright, is one of the richest pleasures the world has to give.

The fatal mistake is made when people are allowed to rest satisfied with an ideal of pleasure which can be realized through money. The man from the slums, reared amid surroundings that have never allowed him to develop that sense of the beautiful from which all true pleasure springs, thinks of pleasure as the getting of more money which will bring more drink and debasing roystering. Turn him free with money in his pocket in scenes that might bring happiness and elevation to the heart of rich and poor alike, and he will drift into the wayside inn and will sodden his wits in the strongest and muddiest beer he can buy.

It is the same with his counterpart, the coarse man who has grown rich. He will surround himself with lavish display, and find contentment only in the contemplation of the abundance of things he possesses, whereas the essentials of natural enjoyment are nearest to him when he is separated from all this show, and is prepared to surrender himself to the quiet teachings of Nature.

As soon as we have risen to the economic level at which all the necessities of life are ours without strain and worry, and to that level of artistic feeling which is attained by people of culture, then the world hardly contains any legitimate forms of happiness which we may not enjoy without further fuss if we know how to regard our fellow-men.

All people are brought to one starting level when they go out for a walk, and the only differences that arise are in capacity for feeling the meaning and beauty of common yet charming phenomena. To delight in work done well, to revel in the reading of a book, to enter heartily into whatever game may be played, to enjoy a bright and well-balanced talk, to be able to find romance in a walk at any hour of the day or time of the year—these are the simple pleasures which nobody ought to exhaust, and beyond which, with their variations, nobody need hope to proceed.

The pleasure of walking out alone and watching the play of Nature has been so great with a few men that they have required no further aids to enjoyment. "Nature is enough for me," said Hazlitt; "and I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time." We do not think Hazlitt was right about the absence of talking; he overdid his love of silence and thought.

"Give me a clear blue sky over my head and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me and a three-hours' march to dinner and then to thinking!" That is much too serious and formal for common acceptance; but in it there is the genuine ring of enjoyment attained by the simplest means. There is no royal road to happiness; but it may be safely said that all the shortest and safest ways are so plain as to be in danger of neglect.

We will keep thinking, after the manner of the Syrian captain in the Bible story, that it is by some great experience we shall arrive at a blessing. We do not trace the causes of such mental serenity as we enjoy, and too often pleasure comes to us and leaves us without having been consciously realized. It is only when we are losing or have lost enjoyment that we know how much it meant to us.

Which of us thinks, for example, of the marvellous delight of physical strength and perfect control of the limbs until he feels that the involuntary combinations of muscles that have served him so long are beginning to lose their perfect interaction, and the deft hand which once did not know fatigue and was apparently unaware of the swift feats which it performed forgets its nicety of touch?

Who is there who consciously appreciates day by day the illimitable glories of sight or the use and sweetness of hearing? These endowments, which appear simple because they are so common, are unconsidered, just as we let the free air go by us without recollection of its vital value or the wonder of its gentle fluidity.

It is the same with the great and constant pleasures of our lives; they are in danger of being overlooked because of their nearness. The love that irradiates a household till it is a beacon to those who live around may be momentarily forgotten in the home itself by reason of its very constancy. Let us, then, look close around us, and with thankfulness recognize the simple pleasures which make the staple of happiness in every circle of society.

Is it not well for us to ask, If we had our heart's desire, what could it bring more than we now have a chance of enjoying by regarding the world in a right spirit? We know that to millions it is a mockery to speak of the fulfilment of their heart's desire as failing to add much to their happiness. They have not attained to that minimum of well-being, the absence of misery and fear. It is the avoidance of what will hurt rather than the attainment of what will beautify and ennoble that is most ardently sought.

At the lowest level human life scarcely knows what pleasure means; it fears pain, and, perhaps for that reason, clings to existence, however colorless and cheerless it may be. But above the terrible depth where poverty, care, weariness, cold, homelessness, pain and hopelessness do their worst come the great mass of mankind, perhaps a majority of whom, among an ambitious and energetic people like ours, fancy that somewhere, not far off, in a higher social sphere, where money flows freely, where gaiety is more continuously sought after, there is to be found the very home of rest and of pleasure. Once climb into that plane, and the world will take another tint, warm, genial, delightful. Ah, they do not know! They fail to see that, apart from the lust of possession and the pain of privation, the pleasures of all classes of men are derived from the same springs.

NARROW criticism will give place to generous appreciation when we learn to lift our thoughts from the single faults which we are so swift to condemn to the whole character, of which we know so little. Many a reproach might be changed to approval, many a feeling of scorn might be changed to respect, many a foe might be changed into a friend did this practice of rising from a part to the whole become a habit of the mind. To cultivate this power is one of the most efficient and valuable branches of self-culture.

PAUSE before you follow example. A mule laden with salt and an ass laden with wool went over a brook together. By chance the mule's pack became wet; the salt melted, and his burden became lighter. After they had passed, the mule told his good fortune to the ass, who, thinking to speed as well, wetted his pack at the next water; but his load became the heavier, and he broke down under it. That which helps one man may hinder another.

THE larger the outlook and the more disinterested the motive the more ennobled does a man's work become, whatever it may be. And the more fully the common purpose of benefiting the world can be held and realized in our various occupations the more closely we shall be united in the bonds of a common brotherhood.

THE chief office of silence is to bury all that is evil, and the chief office of speech is to disclose and disseminate all that is good. Let this be done with sincerity and earnestness, and let no criticism discourage it, for its ultimate benefit to character and to conduct is established beyond a doubt.

THERE are noble and mysterious triumphs which no one sees, no renown rewards, and no flourish of trumpets salutes. Life, misfortune, isolation, abandonment and poverty are battle-fields which have their heroes.

A SIMPLICITY of aim, a singleness of purpose, a freedom from prejudice or selfishness or vicious desires, leave the mind untrammelled in its activities and unbiased in its search for truth.

EVERY one in the world can teach us something; the greatest men have generally been the most eager learners, and have despised no source which might supply the want.

TRUE generosity, while it hastens to bestow happiness upon another, is equally ready to accept with gratitude that which is brought to its own doors.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

N. T. S.—A breakwater is a structure or contrivance to break the force of waves, and protect a harbor or anything or place which is exposed to the inroad of the water. Usually a wall is erected for the purpose.

GEORGE.—It would be well to ask for an explanation of her strange conduct. Perhaps some other suitor, or personal enemy, has whispered in her ear something derogatory to your character, and before condemning you she should be willing to admit a defence.

S. S.—The wild horses of America are believed to have descended from the Spanish barbs, brought over by the early explorers. The Moors of Barbary introduced them into Spain. They are generally larger than the Arabian horses, rarely being less than sixteen hands high.

H. S.—Ex-Empress Eugenie, the widow of Emperor Napoleon III., of France, is a daughter of Count Cyprien de Montijo, a Spanish grandee. She was born May 5, 1826, married in 1853, and became a widow in 1873. Prince Louis Napoleon, her only son, was killed in Zululand, in 1879.

QUEEN.—Otho, King of Bavaria, lately declared incurably insane, is the brother of Ludwig II., the mad monarch who drowned himself in Lake Starnberg, in 1870. Since his accession to the throne, Bavaria has been governed by Prince Luitpold, the uncle of Otho, as regent. He is also heir-apparent to the throne.

E. S.—White and black are not, strictly speaking, colors themselves, but are, as the representatives of light and darkness, simply the modifiers of colors, in reducing them and the hues arising from them, by their thinning and neutralizing effects, to tints and shades respectively. When a thing reflects all the colors it looks white, and when it absorbs all the colors, it appears black.

O. W. F.—Try the following method of cleaning the soiled engraving: Lay it, face downward, in a perfectly clean vessel, sufficiently large to allow the engraving to lie flat; pour clean boiling water upon it, and allow it to stand until the water is cold. Take it out carefully, and remove as much of the moisture as possible with blotting-paper. Then place the engraving in a press, or under heavy weight, between sheets of white paper. If very much soiled, the above operation must be repeated.

T. H.—After marriage the dispositions of both husband and wife sometimes undergo a material change. As April is capricious, so is the first temperature of married life. The slightest word of unkindness may open up a channel of mutual recriminations and little disagreements; but these, if attended to in time, will prevent the river of domestic contentment overflowing its banks, and converting its borders into a watery grave of utter uselessness. "A stitch in time," says Franklin; "saves nine;" and the first angry word between man and wife should be banished to that closet of which the keys are held by prudence, tender regret, and fond and loving confidence in the future.

C. A. R.—The Baphomet, or Baffomet, is a mysterious symbol used among Knights-Templar. The word was believed to be a corruption of Mahomet, to whose faith the Templars were accused of inclining. According to more recent views, as stated, it has references to Gnostic mysteries, and was connected with the Gnostic baptism, or baptism of fire. Some of these symbols were found in 1818 in the Imperial Museum of Vienna, and were described by Von Hammer. They are of stone, and represent a female figure with two male faces, inscribed with a serpent, a truncated cross, or Egyptian key of life and death, the sun and moon, a chess-board, a candle-stick with seven branches, and numerous Arabic inscriptions.

BOB.—1. A female canary will mate with the following birds: the linnet, goldfinch, bullfinch, siskin, bobolink, indigo-bird, and other birds of a similar size. The male from these birds is very highly prized on account of his beauty and song. 2. Goldfinches have been known to live confined in birdcages for sixteen or twenty years, and to be lively and active throughout their imprisonment. They are subject to epilepsy, and sometimes have swollen eyes, which ailments can be cured by anointing the eyes with fresh butter. They are very fond of rape and canary seed, and also enjoy a few crushed hemp-seeds. They are greedy eaters, and care should be taken that they do not eat too much. In their wild state their food, it is stated, consists of all kinds of seeds. 3. Goldfinches are very docile, and can be taught a number of entertaining tricks.

D. L. W.—Elias Howe was the inventor of the sewing-machine. He had so far perfected his invention in April 1845, after two years of patient labor, that he sewed a seam with it. By the middle of May it was completed, and he sewed the seams of some woolen suits. The sewing was so well done that it outlasted the cloth. The remarkable feature of the machine was that Howe carried it further on towards its complete and final utility than any other inventor has ever brought a first-rate invention at the first trial. He secured a patent for it on September 10, 1846. After constructing four machines in the United States, he visited England in 1847, and remained two years. He returned to Boston entirely destitute, and resumed his trade. From that period until 1854 he was involved in very expensive law-suits, when the principal infringers of his patents acknowledged his rights, and arranged to manufacture sewing machines under licenses from him. His fortune realized from his invention is said to have amounted to $2,000,000.

FAITHFUL.

BY M. ROCK.

Oh, men have fickle hearts, they tell—
  Their love is apt to change!
My sweetheart's love I know full well
  From me will never range;
No other eyes shall charm his gaze,
  However bright they be,
No woman's art, no siren's ways
  Can win his heart from me!

No bitter words my love shall speak—
  To him I'll aye be fair;
He'll see no pallor on my cheek,
  No silver in my hair;
Nor shall the eyes he loved grow dim,
  Although they weep salt tears;
My voice shall ne'er grow harsh for him
  In all the coming years.

He shall not selfish grow, nor cold,
  In search of place and fame;
He shall not stain for greed of gold
  His honor or his name;
For, ah, his narrow bed is made
  Beneath the willow-tree—
In churchyard earth my love is laid,
  And there he waits for me!

An Arch Deceiver.

BY T. G. PRICE.

"MISS HALIFAX, how glad I am to see you back again."

The words themselves were commonplace, but the tone in which Reginald Aston said them brought a flush of pleasure to the girl's face as she let her hand rest for a moment in his warm clasp.

"And I am very pleased to be back where every one is so kind to me," she answered with a little happy laugh, "although I have enjoyed my three months away immensely. Oh, you have come for me, Jenkins?" with a smile to the manservant, who now advanced.

"Yes, miss; the carriage is here," he replied in a well-trained and impassive manner as he relieved her of her umbrella and bag.

"Then you will let me see you into it, won't you?" said Reginald. "I shall be coming to the Abbey in a few days, so I hope we shall meet again soon," he continued, as he arranged the fur rugs about her; for it was chilly in the evenings, although it was only the early part of September. Miss Halifax gave a smiling little nod, and then the carriage started off, and in a few minutes was lost in the dusk and the rapidly gathering autumn mist.

Reginald Aston stood gazing after it, and the few people at the station, who had listened to all he had been saying to Miss Halifax, looked at him and drew their own conclusions, all of which were very much of the same kind. There were certainly some reason for their interest, for Mr. Aston was the squire of, and owned the greater part of the village of Everleigh, and as at the age of twenty-nine he was still unmarried, his smallest conversation with an eligible young lady was always noticed and commented on.

But was Stella Halifax eligible? Ordinary fashionable mothers with daughters would have held up their hands in horror had such a question been asked. For Miss Halifax was a governess, and nothing more or less, though the casual observer, who only saw this more than ordinarily handsome girl, always dressed beautifully and in the best of taste, associating apparently on terms of perfect equality with Sir George and Lady Osmond, might not have guessed that such was the fact.

"For I should never allow my children to be educated and trained by any one but a lady, and I consider that the only difference between our position and Miss Halifax's is a pecuniary one," Lady Osmond had said on her governess' arrival, and all Everleigh had taken their cue from her. So much so, indeed, that even when they saw that something stronger than friendship was beginning to grow up between Stella and Mr. Aston, the "best match" in the neighborhood, they all considered it the most natural thing in the world.

In the meanwhile the pair of horses quickly got over the two miles, and in little more than ten minutes Stella Halifax was standing in front of the blazing wood fire in the great hall at Everleigh Abbey.

'Mamma was so sorry not to be here when you came back," said May Osmond, after she and her sister had almost smothered Stella with their embraces. "But they were going to dine at the Thorntons', and you know what a long drive that is. Have you enjoyed your holiday, and were your 'unknown' uncle and aunt nice? We were so afraid they were going to keep you always."

"Yes, I've had a delightful time," answered Miss Halifax. "But I'm very pleased to be back here. What's been happening while I've been away?"

"Oh, nothing much. Mr. Aston isn't engaged to any one—yet." This from Maud Osmond, who was fifteen, and who fancied that she could see quite as much, if not more, than her elders.

Stella stooped down to pick up her cloak. "I'm going to take off my things now," she said, and as she ran upstairs, she tried to persuade herself that all the happiness she felt was occasioned by her returning to her pupils, and to what for the last two years had been her home.

"Oh, there's one little piece of news I've always forgotten to tell you," said Lady Osmond the next morning, as they all stood in the hall ready to start for service, for it was Sunday. "We've got a new curate."

"How delightful," answered Stella. "But you might have told me before, as you know how I adore curates."

This sally caused a ripple of mirth, as Miss Halifax's dislike for the species was well known.

"But this is not an ordinary curate," said Sir George with pretended dignity. "He is the Reverend and Honorable William Ashford, his father being the Earl of Dulchester."

Stella dropped her prayer-book and the shilling she had just borrowed of Lady Osmond for the offertory, and she took some time in picking them up.

"She's struck all of a heap by it," said Tom Osmond, whose last Sunday of the holidays this was. "She wishes now she hadn't said such things about curates. How much will you give me, Miss Halifax, not to tell him?"

But Stella did not seem to notice what he was saying.

"And he's quite different from other curates," continued Sir George. "He acts beautifully. He took the part of the villain at the Mowbrays' theatricals at the last moment, because some one failed, and he made quite the hit of the piece."

"I shall look forward to seeing him," murmured Miss Halifax, whose head was bent down over her gloves, which she seemed to find some difficulty in buttoning.

Maud looked at her curiously. "Have you ever seen him, Miss Halifax" she asked.

Stella started and raised her head. "Yes, I have seen him act," she answered. "It was years ago."

"Well, we shall be late if we don't start now," said Lady Osmond, who had been rather surprised at the effect the curate's name had had on her governess. But had she been seated in church where she could have had a better view of Stella's face, and had not Miss Halifax been wearing a thick veil, she would have been still more astonished. For when, after the faint chanting of the prayer had been wafted from the vestry and the tones of the organ had begun to swell through the church, the choir streamed noiselessly into the chancel, Stella had looked up, and as her gaze had fallen on the last white-clad figure, it had seemed to her almost as though her heart stood still and a deadly feeling of faintness had crept over her. How the next half-hour passed she hardly knew. She stood up and sat down mechanically, but it was not till the sermon, which was a beautiful piece of elocution if nothing more, that she dared to look up, and though she only did so once the preacher's eye happened to meet hers and she was horrified to see that he recognized her.

"Will you wait for me a minute?" said Lady Osmond, after the service was over. "I want to ask Mr. Ashford to lunch. He has to take the service this afternoon, and he lived such a long way off."

Stella looked round desperately for an excuse to get home. She felt that it was impossible to meet him before all these people. However, unexpected relief came from Maud, who remarked with a knowing smile, "You can ask him, mamma, but I don't think you'll get him. He's talking to Melinda Hamley, and whenever the Hamleys wait for him it always means that they're going to ask him to lunch."

"Yes, don't spoil sport, Lucy," said Sir George.

"Here's Mr. Aston; why don't you ask him?" continued Maud artlessly. "He must find it so lonely living all by himself."

And as Reginald Aston happened to come up at that moment he was asked, and having accepted, he walked home with them being manœuvred to Stella's side by the wily Maud. But the way Miss Halifax received his remarks and her manner to him during lunch, immediately after which she excused herself and went to her own room, filled him with surprise. What, he asked himself, had changed the bright, happy girl of yesterday, whose eyes had looked into his with such a friendly gaze, and who had seemed so glad to see him, into the cold, indifferent woman, who had listened to his remarks almost without looking at him, and answered them courteously, but with the fewest possible words? It was absolutely inexplicable, he was obliged to own to himself at last when, having escaped from the Osmonds' merry family party, he strode through the park to his own house. All the afternoon Stella lay on a sofa in front of her window trying to think of what she ought to do, but no plan suggested itself to her. He was here, and was as good as engaged to Miss Hamley; so she gathered from every one's remarks. But now that he had seen her what would he do?

Would she have to leave her present home and start anew? Her heart sank as she remembered the difficulties of two years ago. And then the image of Reginald Aston rose before her, and the tears came into her eyes as she thought of the cruel awakening from that short-lived dream. But what should she do now? Which should make the first move? This was the question that she puzzled over all the afternoon, and when the gong sounded for tea it was still unanswered. At any rate she must not let Lady Osmond see that there was anything wrong; so, having bathed her face in cold water, she went downstairs, and in answer to Lady Osmond's anxious inquiries she said that she had had a headache, but that she was better now, and would be quite able to go to church.

"We shall only have Mr. Martin this evening," said Sir George.

"Oh, yes; what did you think of Mr Ashford?" asked Lady Osmond.

"Did you recognize him?" inquired Maud.

"Oh, I hardly looked at him," answered Stella, trying to speak lightly. "I was feeling so tired all through the service. I daresay the long journey yesterday knocked me up. I should have done better to have taken your advice and stayed at home."

There was no moon, so it was quite dark that evening when they got out of church, and as she passed through the gate Miss Halifax suddenly felt a note thrust into her hand. She could see no one, but she guessed from whom it was; but even though she had no doubt on the matter, the sight of the familiar writing gave her an unpleasant shock when at length she had locked herself into her room that night.

"Be on the path above the mill on Tuesday at six in the evening," it ran. "It is absolutely necessary that we should come to an agreement. You need not send an answer, as I know you will come." So on Tuesday she was there. She would have to see him sooner or later, so why not now? she said to herself, as she paced up and down the path. He had chosen the place well. On one side, though hidden by some bushes, ran the river, while on the other was a row of trees and then a stretch of marshy ground, so that unless any one came along the pathway, which was a private one, there was no chance of their being seen. In a very few minutes a black figure came in sight. She kept her back to it as long as she could, and it was only when she heard her name spoken that she turned round.

"Well!" she said.

The curate took off his hat and bowed politely. "This is a nice way for a wife to greet her husband."

"I thought you were dead."

"That's precisely what I wished you to think. I put it in all the papers. It cost me any amount of money."

"But why did you?" she asked.

"Because I am dead," he answered emphatically, looking steadily at her. "Julian Morton is dead, and he had better remain so. Unless, of course, you wish to claim him as your husband."

She shrank away from him. "I would rather die first," she said.

"Very well, then; the matter is in your own hands," he continued airily. "As long as you don't meddle with me I shan't interfere with you. When we are agreed on that point there is no need for us to have anything further to do with one another."

"But how did you come here, and where is William Ashford?" she asked.

"Well, if you like, I will tell you the whole of the matter," he answered. "Let's sit down on his log. You keep an eye on that direction, and I'll watch the other path, so that if any one comes we needn't be seen together. Where shall I begin? On that day when I returned from the rehearsal and found you gone? You can't imagine what my feelings were."

"Go on," she interrupted coldly.

"Well, you remember that some little while before William Ashford had joined the company at the Comedy Theatre. I forget what name he went by, but I believe we were the only people who knew who he really was. I used to ask him in to see us."

"And you used to play cards with him. Yes, I remember."

"And I daresay you remember how extraordinarily he resembled me. People often used to take us for one another."

"Yes, I once made the mistake myself."

"And kissed him by accident, perhaps. Well, as I am dead I suppose I can't be jealous, so we won't say anything more about it. After you left he and I shared lodgings, and, at first for amusement, I used to get myself up and dress as much like him as possible, till at last no one at the theatre knew which was which. In a few months we went on tour, and, to cut the matter short, when we were in the north there was an accident, and one of us was killed. It was then that the idea flashed across me, and one I let every one think that it was Julian Morton who was dead. I put notices into all the papers, and soon afterwards left the company and went to America. There I stopped for some while to study my part. Of course I took all William Ashford's things with me, and on looking through his papers I discovered that he was a clergyman. Then I wrote to my noble father in England, and in a very short while I received an answer asking me to come home as soon as possible, and saying that all would be forgiven. I stayed a few more weeks in America, and made myself thoroughly master of all William Ashford's papers, filling in the time with theological study, and then I went home. I was received with open arms, neither my father nor mother nor brother having the slightest suspicion, and I can congratulate myself that I played the part to perfection. One thing my noble father seemed specially to wish was that I should continue in the Church, and, as I raised no objections, and the bishop, to please my father, was willing to wink at my misdeeds, here I am. Now do you see any reason why we should disturb the past?"

Stella considered for a moment. "But what about Miss Hamley?" she asked slowly.

He changed color slightly.

"Oh, yes, I hadn't mentioned her. We have been engaged for some time."

"But you can't marry her."

"Why not? My dear Stella, I wish you would remember that Julian Morton is dead."

She did not answer him for a few moments, but she sat trying to think what she ought to do. At last she spoke.

"This is my decision," she said. "I suppose it's very wicked of me to let the deception go on, but I will do so on condition that you leave me alone—and that you remain unmarried."

"All if I refuse to promise?"

"Then I will let all the world know the truth."

He seized her by the arm and leant towards her.

"Then in that case I should claim you as my wife, and you should live with me. How would you like that?" he asked.

She shuddered as she met his gaze. "Let me go," she almost shrieked.

He released her arm with a little laugh. "Don't make such a noise," he said. "Some one might hear."

But some one had heard. So absorbed had they been that they had not noticed the faint splash of oars as a boat came down the stream. Reginald Aston was within a few yards when he heard Stella's cry, and his first impulse had been to leap on the bank and assure himself of her safety. But when, as his boat touched the shore, he had looked through the bushes and seen who her companion was, he had hesitated, and the next words that reached his ears had so astonished him that, without thinking of what he was doing, he had sat down again and listened.

It was Stella who was speaking.

"I am not so friendless now as I was when you persuaded me into that marriage," she said steadily; "but even if I were I would not stand by and see Miss Hamley so abominably treated."

"My dear Stella"—he had returned to his ordinary suave voice—"why will you be so foolish? As I have told you before, Julian Morton is dead. You and I are the

only people who know or who ever can know the truth. If you were to tell every one your story no one would believe you. You couldn't possibly prove it, and the only thing you would do would be to publish to the world the fact that you had been married to a rather disreputable actor who was now dead. You could do me no harm, but what would it mean for yourself? Your present employers would most likely think that you were not a fit person to whom to intrust their children, and your chances with that worthy young squire would be gone. Now if you remain quiet and don't interfere with me, you can marry him and be comfortable for the rest of your life."

Stella instinctively moved further away from him.

"How can you think that I would do such a thing? Sooner than do him any harm I would incur your anger a hundred times."

He got up and looked down the pathway.

"There's some one coming," he said. "We had better not be seen together, and really there is nothing more to say. There are two courses open for you: either be silent and everything will be well, or tell every one that I am Julian Morton and your husband, which no one will believe, and take the consequences. You can have a week to decide. Meet me here next Tuesday." And with a courteous bow, for one of the villagers was approaching, he left her.

Stella sat silent and motionless for some while. What should she do, she kept wondering, but her mind seemed too confused to give her any answer. Then she remembered the river behind her, and for one brief moment she felt tempted, but only for one moment, for the remembrance of Reginald Aston came to her. What would he think? And then there was Miss Hamley—she must be undeceived.

"Heaven help me to do right," she cried aloud in her wretchedness, and then she rose and started walking wearily homewards.

Reginald climbed on to the bank and watched her till she was out of sight; then he took the boat back to the mill and went quickly home, having already made up his mind as to which course he should take. At nine o'clock he was at the door of Mr. Ashford's lodgings. Mr. Ashford was so, so he was shown upstairs immediately, and as he stood for a moment unperceived in the doorway, he had time to look round the room, which, in all its arrangements, now struck him as being so singularly for its occupant. It was unfitted a large bow-windowed room, furnished in most expensive and semi-ecclesiastical manner.

The walls were pale blue, and the carpet and curtains a deep crimson of a fleur de lys pattern. Prints of cathedrals and engravings of celebrated religious pictures hung on the walls, and in a niche in the carved oak Gothic over-mantel stood a crucifix, while in one corner, at a handsome American organ with gilt pipes, sat the curate himself, playing fragments of religious music in a manner that showed that his musical reputation was not overrated.

He turned round, and as he saw Reginald, he advanced towards him.

"Delighted to see you, my dear Aston," he said easily. "I hope this time you've come to supper, as I've always been asking you to. It will be up directly, though I'm sure I don't know what I have to offer you."

Reginald looked him full in the face. He felt that what he had to do had better be done as quickly as possible.

"I have come to ask you what you know of Julian Morton," he said.

The curate staggered, and, though the lights were shaded, Reginald could see that every atom of color left his face.

"Is this a joke?" he asked, trying to smile.

"No," answered Reginald, "it isn't. I know that William Ashford and Julian Morton were together in London, and later on in Yorkshire, and I want to learn one or two thing more."

The curate hesitated for a few moments; he was beginning to recover his self-possession.

"That is quite true," he said at last. "We were together. But the thought of all that time is very painful to me, and I had hoped that no one but my father and the bishop, who is my father's great friend, knew about it. However, if you wish to learn anything about Julian Morton, I will do my best to gratify your curiosity."

"He hasn't been an actor for nothing," said Reginald to himself, and then aloud: "I had a friend, a Captain Castell, staying with me a little while ago, and it was he who told me about Julian Morton. When he saw you he was struckly your resemblance to him."

"As a great many other people were," answered the other, who was now quite himself again.

"And he told me something about him, how once he had been in the same regiment, and, after being suspected for some time, he had been caught by his brother officers cheating at cards. And that they had been so enraged that they had branded him with the word 'cheat' on his arm. Now, Mr. Ashford, I have noticed, when you were playing tennis, that you wore a bandage on your arm. What is it for?"

The curate had fallen back in his chair, and for a moment he was unable to speak.

"What do you mean?" he managed to get out at last.

"I mean that you are Julian Morton—an impostor." And before the curate could resist, Reginald had seized and bared his arm, revealing the mark. "And what is more, I was in a boat on the river this afternoon, and heard what you said to Miss Halifax."

"An eavesdropper!"

"I heard her call out, and as I thought that she was being molested I came to the bank, and after hearing your first words I had no hesitation in listening."

"And what are you going to do? What was your object in coming to me?"

"To tell you my decision. I've got you at my mercy, so I don't like being too hard upon you. I suppose it's conniving at felony, but I will let you escape; but on these conditions: you must sign a full confession, which I shall show to the earl at the end of three days, and you must promise not to molest Miss Halifax."

"I must leave her for you?" with a sneer.

Reginald got up and stood before him. "You had better be careful what you say," he said in a low voice.

"All right, I'll be careful," with an attempt to force a laugh. "But if I refuse your terms, what then?"

"I shall have you arrested immediately."

"Arrested? you can't; it's no affair of yours."

"There's another charge on which you would be arrested," said Reginald. "Do you remember being at Brighton three years ago? Captain Castell told me that the police had the clue to a certain mystery, but that as you were supposed to be dead it had not been followed up."

The curate's look was so ghastly that Reginald almost pitied him.

"All right," he said. "I'll do whatever you like." So in a few minutes the confession was drawn up, and the landlord and his wife, whose surprise was intense, having witnessed it, Reginald put it in his pocket and left the house.

The next morning Everleigh was startled by a dreadful occurrence. Mr. Ashford, the curate, had gone to the station early to catch the express, and just as it had got into the station he had missed his footing and fallen in front of it on to the line. "Though how he came to do it I can't make out," said the station-master. "I must say he did walk a little bit unsteady, and if it had been any one else I should have thought he'd been drinking. He must have been killed immediately." And for some days this was almost the sole topic of conversation.

One thing puzzled his landlady and that was why, if, as he said, he was only going away for a day or two, he should have troubled to pack all his silver and other valuables into his portmanteau. But this was never cleared up, and to this day the inhabitants of Everleigh do not know the truth of the case.

For the Earl of Dulchester, to whom Reginald sent the confession, felt such a dread of the scandal which would ensue if the facts were known, that he decided to let the matter rest as it was, and asked Reginald to keep his own counsel. Therefore the curate was buried at Everleigh church, and though people considered it strange that none of the relations attended the funeral, and though they made various conjectures thereon, yet their wildest imaginings never got further than the idea that he had quarreled with the relations again, and was once more meditating a flight. And his having taken his valuables with him lent probability to the version of the story, which, when moreover no tombstone was erected to his memory and the interest began gradually to die away, was generally accepted as the true one.

* * * * * *

It was spring when Reginald Aston, who had been away on a long yachting expedition, returned. For Stella's sake he had forced himself to stay away, but now that six months had elapsed he felt that he might return.

"She has not been at all well," said Lady Osmond, when on the day after his return Reginald had called and asked to be allowed to see her. "She seems to have been fretting about something, and Dr. Wilson thinks she must have received a shock. She is in my boudoir; I will take you to her. Here is some one who wishes to see you, Stella," she remarked as she opened the door.

Miss Halifax was sitting by the window. She turned as she heard Lady Osmond's voice, and as her glance fell on the tall figure in the doorway, the color rushed to her face and a joyful expression came into her eyes. Lady Osmond stayed till the first greetings were over and a few commonplace remarks made. Then she excused herself and left the room.

"So that's it, is it?" she murmured to herself with a smile. "I wonder I never guessed it. To think that I and the doctor should both have been deceived by a lovers' quarrel!" Then she went downstairs and confided her surmises to Maud. "Why, of course, I knew it all along," was the only answer she got from that precocious damsel. In the meantime Reginald had sat down by Stella, and suddenly, almost before he knew himself what he was doing, he had seized her hands and poured forth his tale. She listened to him, but at the end she gently released herself, and moved away from him. "There is something I must tell first," she said slowly. "I could not marry you unless you knew it, so I must tell you even at the risk of losing your love." She paused as though she hardly knew how to begin. He rose and put his arms round her. "My darling," he said, "you must not pain yourself by remembering all that wretched story. And there is no need, as I know all." And then at last, resting in her lover's arms, and with her head on his shoulder, she found peace.

How It All Came Right.

BY T. L. S.

"THE great question," said Mildred, anxiously, "is, Will they forgive us?"

"And I'll answer it," said her young husband, confidently. "Yes, of course they will. Do you really suppose Mrs. Westbrook, that the most stony-hearted parents that ever existed could possibly manage to keep up an unforgiving spirit against such an adorable little darling as you are? or against me for having had the good taste to fall in love with you?"

Thus was the conversation changed from the decidedly sensible fears for the future with which Mrs. Westbrook had begun it, to the exceedingly sentimental remarks which very young couples are apt to find much more interesting.

They were a very young couple in two ways. Young in years—seventeen and twenty-two—and young in wedded experience, for it was less than a week since the night on which Mildred March had left on the pincushion the farewell note for her grandmother and had eloped to London with Ned Westbrook.

Of the few young men in the little Sussex village where they had met, Ned was precisely the one of whom Mrs. March—an aristocrat to her finger tips—most disapproved; while pretty, penniless Mildred, by way of set-off, was about the last person in the world whom John Westbrook—rich and proud in his own way as all the Marchs from the days of the Conquest down—would have wished his only son to marry.

For a lively feud existed between the two families—a feud which had been born of trifles, and has grown through all the years since the elder Westbrook came to Deepden, to rise from poverty to affluence by the might of his own skilful hands and inventive brain, while the fortunes of the Marchs—who had owned half the county in bygone times—were going down as rapidly as his rose; a feud which had been embittered by a hundred polite insolences, when the exclusive village society—of which Mrs. March was the recognized autocrat—began to welcome the successful man into its ranks: a feud which was only strengthened by proximity.

"What is the world coming to?" sighed Mrs. March, with mild despair of the tendency of the times written in every line of her delicately refined face, as she saw Ned just from Oxford riding past on his handsome black thoroughbred, with the sunshine dazzling on his close-cut golden hair—a gallant, graceful sight to see, indeed—and attired in the very latest and most correct fashion, from the toe of his spurred boot to the top of his high silk hat. "I well remember the time, Mildred, when that young man's father was glad to earn a shilling by holding your grandfather's horse, and only look at him now?"

As her grand-daughter was still quite a stranger in the village—having only recently let the stylish boarding-school where her father had placed her shortly before his death, two years previously—Mrs. March further relieved her mind by launching out from this beginning into a history of all the various offences of the Westbrook family for the last quarter of a century.

"A pretty little thing enough," remarked John Westbrook, patronizingly, as he observed his son's blue eyes—which never hid many of their owner's thought—admiringly following Miss March's slim, white figure as she flitted about among her favorite flowers, watering-pot in hand, in a part of the lawn overlooked by the balcony where the two men were enjoying their after-dinner cigars in the tranquil summer gloaming—"a pretty little thing enough, but with more blue blood than sense. No, I don't know her personally, but I do know the folks she comes of, and that's more than enough for me. People with such airs and ideas have no business to live in a republic. Why, Ned, I could tell you——"

And accordingly he proceeded to inflict on his inwardly-bored but outwardly-respectful son the oft told tale of his many disagreements from his own point of view.

After this, the inherent perversity of youthful human nature is quite sufficient to account for the fact that Ned and Mildred began to regard each other with greater interest than before, and a little later, when their unsuspecting hostess introduced them to each other at one of the mild festivities which diversified the dulness of the village summer, he decided that she was not at all haughty and disdainful; and she, that he was not in the least vulgar. And once formally begun, their acquaintance advanced with rapid strides.

It would be hard to tell which, Mr. Westbrook or Mrs. March, was the most surprised and indignant when Master Ned sought their consent to his marriage with Millie.

For once in their lives they were of the same opinion, and that opinion was expressed in two of the most emphatic refusals that a light-hearted young lover ever received.

Thereupon followed in due course pleading, argument, defiance, elopement.

Ned had a most comfortable conviction that this last would be at once forgiven; for his father had never before refused him anything, and he was altogether too much in love to imagine it possible for any man or woman to long resist his bonnie bride.

Yet it certainly did seem to him that the "stony-hearted parents" were holding out uncommonly well.

Even on the very morning when he so airily assured his wife that they were sure of forgiveness, he had begun to grow rather anxious himself; for he had taken care to give their London address in the notes they had written jointly to Mrs. March and Mr. Westbrook just after their marriage, and ample time to receive answers had passed.

That evening, however, as they were lingering leisurely over dessert in the private parlor, two letters arrived, one for each. Bride and bridegroom fairly pounced upon them in their eagerness.

"I'll give you mine in a minute, but I suppose I ought to read it first myself," observed Ned, with a fine sense of loyalty to his divided duty, as he opened his father's letter.

The rest of Mr. Westbrook's correspondents, who invariably found him brief, bent on business, and "hard as nails," would have been very much astonished could they have seen any of the letters he had written his boy whenever they had been parted before—long, pleasant, entertaining letters, full of that spirit of perfect confidence and friendship which, rare and delightful as it is between men of equal age, is still rarer and more delightful between father and son.

But this letter was in a vein altogether new to Ned.

Short and stern, it coldly disowned him for his marriage, and only grew warm when it referred to Mildred and her grandfather. There, indeed, it had been written with a fluent pen, and waxed positively eloquent in its vituperation.

Ned looked up from it with a face of gloom and indignation to encounter his

wife's eyes, swimming with tears, fixed upon him with a gleam of loving hope in the midst of despair.

She tossed Mrs. March's letter to him across the table with a gesture at once tragic and appealing.

"Read that," she said, her voice broken with sobs in spite of all her efforts to steady it. "Grandma won't forgive us, and she casts me off forever—and she says the most cruel things about you—and—and your father! And I know she did love me dearly, and that I've made her feel dreadfully herself; and—what—shall—I—do?"

What she did was to sink helplessly into the nearest chair, and hide her face in both hands and cry.

Ned strode hastily round to her, dropped on one knee by her side, gathered her forlorn little figure in his strong arm, and, holding her close to his heart, did a devoted bridegroom's best to console her.

He was soon so successful that she raised her head from its resting place on his broad shoulder, and nestled her cheek close to his caressingly.

Ned laid the two letters side by side on the writing-table, and stood looking thoughtfully down upon them.

He was boiling with rage against the man who had insulted his wife, and the woman who scorned his father and himself; but he was outwardly very quiet.

"If the one were any man but my father, I could at least have the gratification of giving him a sound thrashing: and the other is an old woman, and my wife's grandmother, which is worse," he told himself, helplessly. "I can't do anything—can't even answer them as they deserve! I wish they would just say all those things to each other, though. But they never will; for the governor is too much of a gentleman to quarrel with a woman face to face, and Mrs. March would not speak to him even for the pleasure of giving him a piece of her mind. It's a pity they can't know the good opinion each has of the other; and, especially that she can't know how utterly he thinks I threw myself away by marrying Millie, and he what a mesalliance Millie made according to her grandmother's ideas. It would be some comfort if they could only see each other's precious letters. And they shall!"

He smiled vindictively at the thought which struck him.

A little later, having easily obtained his wife's permission to dispose of her letter without explaining what he meant to do with it, he had enclosed his father's missive to Mrs. March, and vice versa, sending with each a most respectfully-worded note, to the effect that he trusts they might find it a satisfaction to see that his marriage was equally condemned by both, and that, though it was a grief to his wife and himself that neither of their relatives would forgive them, yet they were happy with each other, and felt no fear in depending on themselves for the future.

He was still enough of a boy to keenly enjoy his own mischief, and he whistled gaily as he went back to his rooms after dropping the two letters into the mail-chute in the corridor.

"But with the morning cool reflection came," and in the course of the next three days Ned gained a realizing sense of a side of life he had never before deigned to consider.

The prosaic, world-old questions, "What will ye eat? and wherewith shall ye be clothed?" forced themselves rudely upon his attention.

Not that his money was exhausted yet, or the pinch of poverty felt; but the prudent instincts of the father woke within him, and urgently demanded to know how he proposed to support the girl he had persuaded to leave her home and cast her lot with his.

Had it not been for her, he might have gone on in happy carelessness till his funds ran low but the thought that she was dependent upon him roused him to a sudden knowledge of a man's duty, and the dignity of a man's true place in this work a day world.

Hitherto he had known no more of such stern realities of life than Mildred herself. Now, confronted with the necessity of making his own way without the fortune or the powerful friend he had cast aside, he learned, as one does learn things when too late, the value of the pleasant years he had trifled away.

Money had been freely lavished on his education, and he was neither idle nor ignorant, but, like many others, he had never learned any one thing that men need to have done or taught so thoroughly that he could live by it.

Training, special skill, technical knowledge were demanded everywhere, and he had none of these.

He could get no situation, of any sort. Full of life, strength, energy, he seemed to himself to stand a helpless good-for-nothing in a world of strangers, among whom he could make himself no place.

It is the oldest of stories, the commonest of experiences, but it comes upon every one who lives it with the shock of a special revelation.

Why had he not fitted himself for something? Ned inwardly inquired, with bitterness of spirit. Every avenue of success had been open to him, but he had not cared to enter any. He had never even thought of choosing a profession; he had altogether disdained to take a place in his father's business, as the latter had wished him to do when he left college.

And with the memory of his father's wishes and plans for him came a remorseful realization of the love which had made the world so smooth to him, and which, as so many others have done, he had often carelessly disappointed, and had never valued at its worth till now that he had lost it.

But for the fear of being thought moved by mercenary reasons, he would have written his father such a letter as would have rejoiced the stern, lonely man's heart; but that fear kept him from doing anything which might seem like a plea for reinstatement.

Those three days changed him more than as many years might have done, yet there was little change to be seen.

He kept his new thoughts to himself, for he would not say anything to Mildred which might make her fear he regretted their marriage, and he was resolved not to trouble her with his anxities about money till he must, as he thought she already had troubles enough of her own.

With the deepening and strengthening of his character by pain, a still greater tenderness had been blended with his love for her.

And, indeed, Millie, in her different way, was almost as sad and remorseful as Ned.

Love has its own rights and laws, as lovers reason, but there so many sorts of love, and it is not well if the new, imperious passion of youth is to make one impatient and hard and disloyal to the poor, neglected, well-meaning kindred love which has wrapped one round with an atmosphere of care and kindness since life began; and, in spite of all Ned's efforts at consolation, his runaway bride could not help feeling this.

Meantime, outwardly, their life flowed on much as before. They had not even left the hotel—Ned having at first paid for some time in advance—when, on the afternoon of the third day, a visitor arrived.

Mildred was alone in the parlor when she heard a knock at the door, and in answer to her invitation to enter there appeared, not the servant she had supposed was outside, but, without card or announcement, her father-in-law himself!

She sprang to her feet in surprise, mingled with absolute fear, and stood silent, a small, shrinking figure, in her pale, rose-colored tea-gown, looking at him with wide, wondering dark eyes.

"Where's my son?" brusquely inquired Mr. Westbrook, himself rather at a loss alone with this dainty little lady.

"My husband has gone to the city," she said, with a sly pride; and then suddenly her voice broke into an eager little cry, "Say anything you like to me, Mr. Westbrook, but please don't scold him."

He took a step towards her, his own shrewd hard gray eyes softening.

"I came to fo give you both," he said, the roughness of his face and ways tempered by just the same natural, deferential gentleness towards womanhood that was the underlying charm of his handsome son's perfect manner. "Will you forgive me, my dear, for not realizing before what a sweet daughter Ned has given me, and how much need I have of you at home?"

That she forgave him immediately, that she sang the praises of his son to him and he to her, that they were upon the most friendly and confidential terms in five minutes, was all what any one might have expected.

But what certainly neither of them expected was that when Ned returned, and, eagerly throwing open the door, paused in mute amazement on the threshold, he was accompanied by an old lady, small, slender and erect, with bright dark eyes and snowy hair.

"Mr. Westbrook!" she exclaimed.

"Mrs. March!" literally gasped that gentleman, in the same second.

A little while before, Ned, whom business had taken to Victoria Station, had encountered Mrs. March in the crowd pouring out of the carriages.

Even if she had not come on purpose for a reconciliation, she would have been heartily glad to see any human creature she knew; and while he hesitated whether or not to venture on speaking to her she greeted him most cordially.

She glossed over their quarrel with fine tact and discretion. She was kind, friendly even maternal, and she was altogether too wise to inform the mystified young man of her reason for thus suddenly "going to see her grand-children," as she prettily expressed it.

And, then, the young fellow was so handsome and manly and well-bred, so attentive to herself and so evidently devoted to her Millie, that, as their conversation grew confidential during the drive to the boarding house, she felt that she could be very honestly fond of him, and her small revenge upon Mr. Westbrook gained a sweetness not meant by the old saying.

But to meet the man himself tete-a-tete with her darling!

Amazement is altogether too weak a word to describe her feelings and his, as they silently confronted one another after those first irrepressible exclamations.

For a long moment each regarded the other very much after the fashion of a strange cat and dog, who suddenly meet and are uncertain if it is best to fight, fly or make friends. Then—they made friends.

How they did it, none of the four could have told except Mrs. March, who had realized and gracefully accepted the situation, while the others still stood tongue-tied and helpless.

No one could less have understood how the event came about than did Mr. Westbrook himself; but before many minutes had passed he was set quite at his ease and was chatting pleasantly with his ancient enemy, who made no allusion, then or later, to either of the two letters which had worked this wondrous change.

Nor did this change continue to be merely on the surface; for, much to the delight of Ned and Millie, with the growth of their acquaintance, mutual respect and regard grew between the two proud, strong-willed people, whose natures had a certain likeness in spite of all the differences which they learned to tolerate in each other.

If anything had been needed to complete Mr. Westbrook's happiness in regaining his son, with the addition of a dearly loved daughter-in-law, it would have been the interest in business affairs which marriage developed in Ned; while Mrs. March consoles herself for this low taste in that otherwise admirable young man by reflecting that in these degenerate days even the English aristocracy themselves have taken to trade.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The "Glengarry" cap, or "Scotch cap," which, for a quarter of a century, has been worn with undress uniform by all British infantry soldiers, has been abolished. The new cap is canoe shaped, made of blue cloth, with folding side flaps, which are fastened up with hooks and eyes, and with two regimental buttons in front. The flaps when let down cover the ears, and thus worn the cap forms a complete protection to the soldier's head.

In Mongolia, close to the borders of Russian Siberia, is Maiwatchin, and it is the only city in the world peopled by men only. The Chinese women are not only forbidden to live in this territory, but even to pass the great wall of Kalkan and enter into Mongolia. All the Chinese of this border city are exclusively traders, and they accumulate money till their trading with Europe through Siberia has created sufficient fortune to enable them to return to their native cities and live there in ease with their families.

Strong perfumes are decidedly injurious to the sense of smell. By their frequent use the secretory glands of the nose and throat are overtaxed and weakened. Some day the person observes that the hearing is less acute than usual, and the sense of smell seems defective. This is, of course, credited to a cold, and but little is thought of it. After a time, the entire head becomes affected, and there are throat and lung complications which are likely to end in chronic, if not fatal, illness. Smelling salts are a prolific cause of deafness; all strong and pungent odors, particularly those which act upon the secretory processes, should be avoided as far as possible.

A motorman on an electric car line in Spokane is quoted in a Seattle paper as telling this story: "My 'boss'" (referring to the president of the street-car company) "is a first-class financier, he is. Why, do you know that every Sunday he advertises for a servant, and Monday twenty or thirty girls ride out to his house near the end of the line to get the place, but find madam can't see them; so they ride back, and repeat the journey several times before they are finally told that the old girl has decided to stay awhile. Now, that's financiering. Fifty cents paid out for advertisements, and $8 or $9 taken in for car fares to swell the annual dividends of the boss' company."

The three oldest pieces of wrought iron in existence are the sickle blade that was found by Belzoni under the base of the sphinx in Karnak, Upper Egypt; the blade found by Colonel Vyse imbedded in the mortar of the Pyramids, and a portion of a cross-cut saw which Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Layard exhumed at Nimroud—all of which are now in the British Museum. Another piece of iron, an account of which might not be inappropriate in this connection, is the wrought bar of Damascus steel which King Porus presented to Alexander the Great. This bar, which is of unknown antiquity, is still carefully preserved in the national Turkish Museum at Constantinople.

Military authorities at Vienna are extremely reticent concerning the mechanism of that harvester of death, the Salvator mitrailleuse, but they have been unable to conceal their satisfaction over its wonderful capabilities. The great advantage possessed by this weapon over existing rapid-fire guns is found in its ability to sustain a moderately heavy discharge of from thirty to one hundred rounds per minute, and this can be increased to three hundred or more per minute when a dangerous phase has been developed by the attack of an enemy. The mechanism for this purpose is very simple, and consists of an oscillating pendulum which regulates the speed of firing.

A story of a child's precocity and tenacity of purpose is contained in a recent report of the Vienna police. One of the women who make it their business to rob very small children of what they have upon them enticed the little 5-year-old Adele Kretschmar into a passage, and, before the child recovered from her surprise, took her golden earrings. The usual thing for the robbed children to do is to run home crying, and the culprit is never detected. But little Adele fastened herself to the thief's heels and followed her about for six hours and a half, never leaving her, and begging for her earrings continually. At last a policeman noticed the child's strange attitudes and the woman's efforts to get rid of her, and this led to the discovery of the theft. Adele's mother had sent her out for some salt, and the little mite stayed out six hours and a half to recover her stolen property.

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

Write for instructions and advice.

JOHN WEDDERBURN,
618 F Street,
P. O. Box 385. Washington, D. C.

Our Young Folks.

NOT THE BEE FOR BEAUTY.

BY E. T. F.

ONCE upon a time there was a very excellent and narrow-minded young Bee, who had been brought up in an old-fashioned hive, and educated by a string of ancient proverbs as dry as dust. And it came to pass that a Fairy took this Bee into a beautiful garden, and told him that he might choose one flower for his very own. He had all the garden to pick from, but when once he had chosen, he must abide by his choice.

The Bee was delighted with the beauties of the garden. He saw how the Rose bloomed in her royal pride, and the Lily in her stately purity; and he looked into the open heart of the Daisy, and heard the Harebell ringing in silvery peals of happy laughter.

At first he was inclined to lose his head among so many varied charms, but he remembered the proverbs on which he had been brought up—that "Handsome is as handsome does," and "Beauty is but skin-deep," and "Little girls should be seen, and not heard," etc., etc.—and prudently turned his velvety back on all these fascinating garden beauties.

He was a highly discreet young Bee!

At last, however, he happened to meet with a Violet, who seemed to be everything that his cut-and-dried little heart could wish. She hid herself modestly behind a shady green leaf, she never spoke unless she was spoken to, and she always dressed in slight mourning, just to be quiet and simple.

The Bee—who had heard stories in the hive at home about the "sweet and modest Violet"—was delighted with her, and without further ado flew off to the Fairy to tell her of his choice.

"Are you quite sure that you have chosen wisely?" asked the Fairy.

"Quite," answered the Bee.

He was far too young to have any doubts on that score.

But after a while the Bee found that things did not turn out as he expected. The Violet was only a wild Violet, so she was not sweet at all; and although she was so quiet, her temper was by no means one of the best. Moreover, as it was late in the season for Violets, her dark gown soon grew faded and brown (and there is nothing that looks so bad as shabby mourning.)

So the Bee flew off again to the Fairy to tell her how he had been taken in. That it was he himself who had made the mistake never struck him for a moment.

The Fairy listened to him patiently, and then said—

"But why did you choose the Violet?"

"Because there was not another flower in the whole garden that would have done for me," explained the Bee.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Fairy: "there was the Rose."

"I could never have thought of her," replied the Bee. "'There is no Rose without a thorn' is one of the proverbs on which I have been brought up; so I was afraid of being pricked."

"The Rose never pricks those who know how to manage her," said the Fairy. "But then, there was the Lily, wasn't there?"

"Oh! as for her, she was far too much of a fine lady for me," answered the Bee.

"Good manners are better than bad manners any day," cried the Fairy; "and a fine lady—who is also a good lady—is one of the finest things in the world. But how how about the Harebell?"

The Bee shuddered. "She was very rude," he groaned: "she actually laughed at me!"

"And the very thing you want!" exclaimed the Fairy; "it ought to have done you a world of good. Then why would not the Daisy do?"

"The Daisy was so open and natural—so perfectly free and outspoken—that she quite shocked me," cried the Bee; "for I myself am very reserved, and——"

But by this time the Fairy had lost all patience with him.

"You great stupid!" she cried; "I could not help you if I would, and I wouldn't if I could. If you hadn't been so wrapped up in your selfish pride, you would have looked into the heart of things for yourself, and would have learned the truth from real life instead of from a handful of dry old proverbs; and you would then have seen that the Rose and the Lily, and the Harebell and the Daisy were none the less sweet and good, and tender and true, because they happened to be beautiful and stately, and merry and gay: while the Violet was none the less bad-tempered and conceited because she chanced to be prim and prudish, and dowdy and dull. I am quite tired of you and your conceited folly!"

And the Fairy flew off in a rage.

So the Bee had to make the best of a bad bargain—a bargain into which he had been driven by his silly resolve to judge things by ready-made rules, and not by their own merits; and he was much comforted by the fact that he had acted strictly in accordance with his principles and most oneish proverbs. Which thought wonderfully supported him in his troubles.

VERA'S PRESENT.

BY L. F.

"OH, I do think," said Vera, "that grandmamma is the sweetest, dearest, prettiest, kindest old lady that ever was!"

"So do I," said Harry. "Now let's have a game of hide-and-seek all over the house."

"But I want to think," Vera said; though as she nearly always played with her brother when he asked her, she added, "Very well; I'll hide first."

She found such a good hiding-place in the wardrobe, where she rolled herself up in the folds of her grandmother's fur-lined cloak, that she had plenty of time for thinking before Harry found her. Her thoughts were something like this—

"Dear old grandmamma! She's never cross, even when we break her things. And the day after to-morrow is her birthday. She will be seventy-six years old. What shall I give her? I've got five shillings, with the half-crown grandpapa gave me last night. There isn't anything to give her, because she has got everything an old lady can possibly want. I might buy some wool, and make her a little shawl; but I can't remember the crochet pattern without mamma to help me, and two days isn't long enough to make it in. Her purse is quite new, and she has a pen-knife, and a spectacle case, and lots of needle-books and pin-cushions and book-markers. Oh—I—wonder—whether—"

"Found!" shrieked Harry, as he flung his arms round the cloak in which Vera was getting rather too hot. "Hurrah! Now you stop here till I call 'whoop!'"

He ran off, and his sister went at once to the chest of drawers on the other side of the bedroom, pulled out one drawer and looked in. It contained a number of old ladies' caps, more or less soiled. Vera picked up one and looked at it carefully inside and out.

"I wonder—whether—" she said again, slowly, "I could make her a new cap."

"Whoop!" she heard faintly, from far away, and she shut the drawer and ran to hunt for her brother.

The two children were staying with their grandmother for a week, during the holidays, which was a great treat, as she was a most indulgent old lady, who let them make as much noise as ever they pleased.

That same afternoon Vera obtained leave to go out with Harry for a little walk. They went to a shop where such things were sold, and bought some muslin, lace, and ribbon, as much as possible like those of which one of the soiled caps in the drawer was made. A little wire, a packet of needles, and a reel of white cotton, too, because Vera was afraid that grandmamma might very likely suspect something if she were asked for a needle and cotton.

"Harry, you really, really, really won't tell, will you?" she said, as they walked home.

"Now, Vera!" said Harry reproachfully. "I think you might trust me."

"Well, I thought you might perhaps say you knew a secret," Vera answered, quite meekly, for she did not want to hurt Harry's feelings, and no more was said.

"Suppose grandmamma should miss it," she kept thinking, as she took the soiled cap she had selected as a pattern into her own room. But she must risk that, as she could not make one without another to look at and copy.

It was very hard work, because there were so many interruptions. Every time grandmamma or one of the servants came upstairs she had to slip her work out of sight, and then little bits of muslin would drop on the floor, or stick to the counterpane, and she did not dare to leave them for fear they might be seen.

Beside that, it took all her time, and Harry did not like having to play alone. Every now and then he would come in and beg her to leave off and have a game.

"I can't," she would answer. "I shall never get it done if I leave off."

On the second day, as she still sewed away in every spare minute, he grew quite cross, and said he was tired of the old cap, and he would go and tell grandmamma all about it.

"Oh, but you promised, you know, Harry," said her sister.

"Well, then, if you don't leave off, I'll burn it when you're not looking!"

"You couldn't be so unkind as that."

"Well, then, will you come and play?"

"Not till to-morrow, after grannie has got it."

"You see if I don't burn it!" said Harry, and he walked off, looking much offended and very sulky.

There were still a few stitches to put in on the birthday morning, but at last the cap was finished, and Vera tried it on herself before the glass to make sure that it looked as it ought. It seemed satisfactory, so she wrote on a little piece of paper: "With Vera's love to dear Grandmamma," and having made sure that the old lady was downstairs, she slipped into her bedroom, and placed it on the dressing-table, where she would be sure to see it. Then she went to offer to have a game with Harry, but she could not find him, so sat down to read.

After a time she began to wonder whether anything had happened yet, so she peeped in at grandmamma's door. Nobody was there, and the cap was gone from the table.

Her heart sank. Suppose Harry had carried out his threat! She entered the room and went anxiously to the fire-place, where a nice fire was burning.

Sure enough, there was a smell as of singed muslin, and on the top of the coals was a burnt mass of something soft! She stirred it about with the poker, and one or two little bits of muslin and ribbon not quite burnt up showed that it had been a cap.

For a minute she stood as if turned to stone. She had not thought Harry could be so cruel. He often threatened to do things that would vex her, but he never really carried out the threats, as his anger was soon over. Then she dropped down on the rug, and cried as though her heart was quite broken.

All her work thrown away, her money spent—for nothing—and no present for grandmamma. She felt as though she could never love Harry again—cruel, cruel, unkind boy!

Her face was buried in her hands, and the tears trickled through her fingers, while her sobs prevented her from hearing an approaching footstep.

"Why, Vera, my darling, what is the matter?" said a kind voice, full of sympathy.

She looked up, and there was grandmamma—and as the tears cleared away so that she could see better, Vera's face changed, while she gave a cry of joy.

For there was her cap, safe and sound, on her grandmother's head.

"Oh, grannie!" she gasped, springing up, and twining her arms round the old lady's waist. "My cap! I made it all by myself, for a present for your birthday—and I thought it was burnt."

"Why, you goosie," said her grandmother, kissing her. "When I found this nice new cap waiting for me, I put it on, and just threw the old one on the fire!"

A WELL-MATCHED COUPLE.—A couple of mature age were lately married. After the congratulations of parents and friends, the party assembled to partake of the wedding banquet, during which the nephew of the bride slipped under the table, like a serpent, and suddenly rose, exclaiming:

"A tooth! Who has lost a tooth?"

"My sister," bawled out the bride's little brother; "she lost it yesterday."

The poor bride, not knowing how to extricate herself, resorted to fainting. The old dames tittered, the young misses whispered, and the finder of the tooth received a muff that made him see full three-dozen stearine candles. As to the bridegroom, impassable, like the sage of Horace, he besprinkled the fair bride with eau-de-cologne and vinegar.

"Where am I?" muttered the poor bride, opening her eyes and closing her lips.

"In the midst of your friends and in your husband's arms."

"What then has happened?"

"A——"

"Something alarming, then?"

"Alarming! It's enough to make one pluck the hair from one's head."

Thus saying, the husband carried his hand to his waving locks, and plucked off a magnificent wig. A burst of laughter followed this act of conjugal heroism, and the muse of the company improved a couplet upon the future happiness of a pair so well matched.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The average life of a ship is about 20 years.

In Germany they are said to weave by electricity.

One-half the population of Mexico are full blooded Indians.

Living is nearly 40 per cent. cheaper in London than in New York.

The crop of corn in this country last year aggregated 1,619,494,000 bushels.

Eight-tenths of the soldiers in Russia and Servia can neither read nor write.

A Frenchman has invented an appliance for the electrocution of mosquitoes.

Star-fish have the power to change their color to that of surrounding objects.

A steam plant for shearing sheep is reported to be in operation at Casper, Wyo.

There are said to be 23,000 species of fishes, of which about one tenth inhabit fresh water.

One day recently 27 tons of flowers were received in London from the Scilly Isles alone.

The popular belief that May is an unlucky month for marriages dates from Roman times.

A foot race between three octogenarians is set to take place at Logansport, Indiana, shortly.

Stockings made of human hair are used by the Chinese fishermen as a preventive of wet feet.

The average number of assassinations and attempts at assassination in Italy is said to be fully 500 a year.

The State of New Hampshire is paying $1 a bushel to farmers for all the grasshoppers they can destroy.

Minnesota people whose post-office is named Breckinridge want the Postmaster General to change its name.

The United States had in 1890 4,564,641 farms, with a total valuation of $13,279,252,602, an increase of 30.2 in ten years.

A cat on the place of John P. McDaniel, near Jasper, Florida, has adopted a young fox, caring for it in the tenderest way possible.

The ancient custom of wearing the hat in the Synagogue is being discussed by the Boston rabbis with a view to its abandonment.

Artificial flowers were first made by Italian nuns. They were originally used to decorate the shrines and altars in the convents.

"Mike" was an aged horse that died a short time ago at Tegus, Maine. A peculiarity of the animal was that he was an inveterate tobacco chewer.

Four hotels of Ayer, Mass., that were granted liquor license lately, paid $250 each for the privilege. The tax is believed to be the largest ever paid in the State.

Owls cannot move their eyes round, but to obviate this difficulty, they are able to turn their heads round in almost a complete circle, without a motion of the body.

Steel coffins for the bodies of those who die suddenly on shipboard are being carried in some of the transatlantic liners. The remains are placed in them and hermetically sealed.

Maryland and Virginia are considering the advisability of falling into line with Delaware in the restoration of the whipping-post and pillory for petty offenders against the law.

The destructiveness of a new Gatling gun may be understood when it is stated that it fires 3000 shots a minute. When operated by an electric motor, it fires 5000 in the same space of time.

Maps for the use of farmers, describing the chemical qualities of the land in various parts of the country, and naming the best manures for each section, have been proposed in France.

Holland excels the world in its average yield of potatoes. That country produces 177 bushels to the acre; Italy comes next, with 101; Germany, 121; France, 102; the United States, 76.

In the East, particularly in Asia, the use of the fan extends far back beyond the possibility of ascertaining its date. In China and India the original model was the wing of a bird, and at one time was part of the emblems of imperial authority.

At a recent ball in Sheffield, England, a successful attempt was made to revive the costumes of the olden time. There were some 700 men present, and they were all dressed in knee breeches and silken hose, and wore powdered wigs, while all the women present also wore white wigs.

The electric light was discovered in 1809, and as late as 1878 was pronounced by a high scientific authority "a pretty toy," and the prediction made that it would never be anything else. At present hundreds of cities and thousands upon thousands of offices and dwellings are lighted by means of electricity.

SOMETHING.

BY W. W. LONG.

A yellow moon from the heavens dropping
Silver spray on the river's breast;
Sighing of wind amid the roses,
Night and silence and rest.

Something there seems in the night of sadness,
Something there seems in the wind of tears;
Something of you and something of sorrow,
Something of hope and something of fears.

INSECT WAX.

Those who have had experience of trade in the East, often puzzle over the origin, character and destination of many strange items of commerce unknown in the Western world. One of the strangest of these oddities of traffic is the White Wax of China; and naturalists have only recently been able to reveal it as also one of the strangest products of Nature. The existence of the commodity and of the Chinese business in it has, however, been known to Eastern traders for a couple of centuries.

As long ago as 1655, Martini mentioned Albaceres among the products of the Hu-kwang provinces; and since then, White Wax has been repeatedly referred to by travelers in China. But very little was really known about it until the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce and the Director of the Kew Gardens began to interest themselves in the subject.

Of white wax upwards of a million and a half pounds were shipped at Ichang in 1889, and sent in foreign vessels down the Yang-tse river for distribution at the Chinese ports. But American petroleum is now driving it out of use. Being a clear white wax which only melts at a high temperature—one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit—it is found extremely useful as a coating for candles, to prevent too rapid consumption. It is also used for sizing paper and cotton cloths, as a glaze for silk, and as a polish for furniture and stone ornaments.

Besides the quantity just stated as having been shipped down the Yang-tse in foreign vessels, an immense quantity is sent up the river in native junks to the cities of the interior; and a further quantity finds its way across the mountains and down the West River to Canton. In the Canton "go-downs" the large round white cakes are a familiar sight.

Where, then, does it come from? Largely from the richest nook in China—the neighborhood of the sacred mountain of O-mi or O. As a matter of fact the white wax is found in at least five of the great western provinces; but the chief area of production is in the provinces of Se-chuen, in the Valley of Chieu-chang, which is formed by the river An-ning as it makes its way towards the Yang-tse, there called the Golden River.

In this valley and on the slopes of the surrounding hills grow in greatest profusion what is locally called Chung-shu, or the Insect Tree, which elsewhere is called the Evergreen Tree and also the Crackling-flea Tree, because of the spluttering and popping of the branches when burning. It is an evergreen with thick, dark-green, glossy, ovate and pointed leaves, which spring in pairs from the branches. In May and June it bears clusters of small white flowers, and, later, a dark purple fruit. It has been identified as a large-leafed privet.

These trees afford the birthplace and cradle of the wax insect, scientifically called Coccus pe-la. In the early spring the bark of the boughs and twigs becomes covered with brown pea-shaped scales, which can be easily detached, and which when opened reveal a flowery-looking mass of minute animals, whose movements can just be detected by the naked eye. In May and June, however, the scales are found to contain a swarm of brown creatures with six legs and two antennæ each. Some of the scales also contain the white bag, or cocoon, of a small black beetle, which, if left undisturbed, burrows into and consumes the scales. The Chinese say that this beetle eats the little wax insects; and it appears certainly the case that where the parasite is most abundant the scales fetch a lower price in the first market.

What the insects feed on is also something of a mystery. For thirteen days, as we have seen, after emerging from their shelters they nestle among the leaves; but all the rest of their time they spend upon the bark of the tree. Whether they feed upon the leaf or upon the sap cannot be said, because no visible mark of insect ravages can be detected on either. The Chinese say that they live upon dew, and that wax is a kind of insect perspiration!

There are, however, two classes of the insect, distinguished by the Chinese as La-sha, or "wax sand;" and Huang-sha, or "brown sand." The former produces wax, and the latter does not. It is assumed, then, that the La-sha, which are of a reddish-white color, are the males; and that the Huang-sha, which are of a brownish color, are the females.

Soon after the insects come down from the green heights, the inner sides of the boughs and twigs, their new resting-places, begin to show a thin white coating, like snow. This gradually spreads over the whole bough, and in the course of about three months should have attained a thickness of a quarter of an inch.

One hundred days is the usual period allowed for the completion of the deposit, and each day during the process the wax-farmer makes the round of the trees under his care, thumping them with a heavy stick, in order to destroy the beetles, which he calls la-kow, or wax-dogs, and regards as the natural enemy of the wax insect.

When the hundred days are expired, the branches are carefully lopped off, and after as much of the wax as possible has been peeled off by hand, the branches are placed in pots of boiling water. The wax melts, rises to the surface, is skimmed off, and moulded. The boiling of the branches, however, produces a darker and inferior wax to that which is removed by the hand. The first hand-gleanings are also thrown into boiling water to be melted, and then skimmed into round moulds, which form the compact round white cakes one sees at Shanghai or Canton.

Grains of Gold.

Education should lead out, not force on.

The troubles that kill us are the ones we borrow.

People who carry sunshine with them are always welcome.

Love is the only thing that can lighten burdens by adding to them.

Whenever you speak evil of another you are sure to hurt yourself.

If one wants to get in a crooked path just follow the directions of a cork screw.

As small letters weary the eye most, so also the smallest affairs disturb us most.

The fact that a man wants more knowledge is proof that he has some already.

Unless you want to lose everything else, don't let envy get a foothold in your heart.

Reformation without religion is locking the door and leaving the key on the outside.

He that worries himself with the dread of possible contingencies will never be at rest.

Some people might find time for helping one another if they were not so busy helping themselves.

Borrowing trouble is a wretched business, for if a man will only wait he will have troubles of his own to give away.

Assumed qualities may catch the affections of some; but one must possess qualities really good to fix the heart.

Every sin has a dagger in its hand, with which sooner or later it will strike, no matter how harmless it may look.

Strength of character lies not in demanding special circumstances, but in mastering and using any that may be given.

Femininities.

Miss Rinkles: "I wonder if I'll live to see my 30th birthday?" He: "No; it only comes once."

The most fascinating women are those that can most enrich the every-day moments of existence.

Oddly enough the homeliest of old maids are generally girls who were matchless in their youth.

Woman leads the world. She used smokeless powder for ages before men ever thought of adopting it.

In Morocco the face of a bride is painted white and red, and her hands and feet are dyed yellow with henna.

Andrew Wagoner, aged 78, married Miss Hannah Wedge, aged 76, at Bath, N. Y., lately, after an engagement of 32 years.

Mother—So you wish my daughter for your wife? He (gallantly)—Partly that, madam, and partly that you may be my own mother-in-law.

"Well, I don't care; there's one advantage in having low ceilings," said Mrs. Oldhouse to Mrs. Newhouse; "you can slap mosquitoes better."

Jupiter: "Of the women of your acquaintance who have married, which are the happiest?"

Juno: "The dead ones."

"How do you like this style of bonnet?" she asked. "I don't know," he answered, without looking up from his paper; "I haven't seen the bill at present."

Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten—a little spring that never quite dries up in our journey through scorching years.

A woman is teaching physical culture to the girls of Lawrence, Kansas. Among her exercises is what she calls the liver squeeze. She charges 50 cents a lesson.

Pamphlets are said to owe their name to Pamphela, a Greek woman, who left behind her a number of scrap books containing notes, recipes, anecdotes and memoranda.

The little Queen of Holland is very popular, and she has become, if anything, even a greater favorite by being photographed in the typical peasant costume of her country.

Kentucky is said to have been the first State in the Union to grant school suffrage to women, in 1845. Kansas followed in 1861. To day the women of 21 States have this privilege.

A Miss Rafferty, of Manchester township, N. J., is suing Mr. Ives, her former lover, for damages, caused, she avers, by his kissing her until the gold filling in her front teeth fell out.

Daughter, looking up from her novel: "Papa, in time of trial, what do you suppose brings the most comfort to a man?" Papa, who is a county-court judge: "An acquittal, I should think."

Mrs. Chauncey Adams, of Highland Station, Mich., ran a sewing machine needle through her finger and couldn't get it out. She managed to drag the machine as far as the door, but it was several hours before any one came to her assistance.

Nervous lady passenger, to deck hand: "Have you ever seen any worse weather than this, Mister Sailor?" Deck-hand: "Take a word from an old salt, mum; the weather's never very bad while there's any females on deck a-makin' henquiries about it."

Druggist—Yes, madam, I remember very well your buying a stamp.

Lady—Well, I put it on a very important letter and mailed it. It has not been received. I want you to understand that I shall buy my stamps elsewhere if this occurs again.

An engaged girl in Omaha, who was the only support of her family, pawned her engagement ring to buy food. When the young man heard of it he was so angry that he broke with the girl and brought a suit in replevin to get back the diamond ring.

The young fiancee, the Princess Alix, who is the destined Czarina of Russia, is said to have the same characteristics as her mother, Princess Alice, of England, the same usefulness and womanly sympathy, qualities she will probably have much need of in nursing a delicate husband.

At a materializing seance in Watertown, N. Y., recently, a skeptic managed, while his fingers were wet with ink, to tap the white vision that was gliding about the room on the face. When the lights were turned up the dark secret came out. The ink was on the face of the medium, Mrs. Etta Roberts, who is said to have admitted the fraud she had been practicing for years.

"Let me give you my dying advice," said Rufus Choate. "Never cross examine a woman. It is of no use. They cannot disintegrate the story they have once told. They cannot eliminate the part that is for you from that which is against you. They can neither combine, nor shade, nor qualify. They go for the whole thing, and the moment you begin to cross examine one of them, instead of being bitten by a single rattlesnake, you are bitten by a whole barrelful. I never, excepting in a case absolutely desperate, dared to cross examine a woman."

Masculinities.

Every mortal has a right to his own jaw; but he has no right to give it to other people.

Samuel Hutchison, of Prescott, Wash., who is claimed to be the tallest man on the Pacific coast, stands 7 feet 2¼ inches in height.

Emperor William of Germany is honorary Colonel-in-Chief of 37 regiments of soldiers, holding that rank in most of the European armies.

Charles Wallace was found dead upon the grave of his late sweetheart, Miss Mame Binford, in the cemetery at Marshalltown, Iowa, lately.

Nodd: "I wish I could cure my wife of dyspepsia."

Todd: "Why don't you get a servant girl to do your cooking!"

A Trenton, Wis., man, while driving one horse and leading another, lately, had his arm broke by a sudden jerk of the head of the horse he was leading.

Three men in France competed to see who could drink the most water. One swallowed 12 quarts, the second 9, and the third 7. All three died from the effects.

It is asserted that the 800 men who work in the Paris sewers are as healthy as any other 800 Parisians, and it is notable that they are especially free from infectious diseases.

The singing of "After the Ball" resulted in a tragedy at Stevens Point, Wisconsin, lately. Joseph Skinner was singing that air, when he was shot and probably fatally injured by a neighbor.

"When he saw the enemy coming, he turned and ran. I call that cowardice." "Not at all. He remembered that the earth is round, and he intended to run round and attack the enemy from the rear."

In one hundred years from now men will lecture for the uplifting and enfranchisement of their own oppressed and down-trodden sex. How our great-grandsons will abuse us for not standing firm.

Watts—"Weren't you telling me that you had joined a bicycle club?"

Potts—"No, I said I had bought one. And the next chump on a wheel who runs into me is going to feel the weight of it, too."

A citizen of Martin, Texas, is named Augustus Bonaparte Cæsar Dandreary Emerson Ferdinand Grant Hannibal Isaiah Jackson Knox Leonidas Meredith Nicholas Oscar Tate Ring, otherwise, he is feeling quite well.

When Galusha A. Grow was vigorously supporting the emancipation proposition in the war Congress, George Washington Murray, who sits beside him in the present House, was a barefooted slave boy on a South Carolina plantation.

John Willis, a Washington criminal, has won the title of "The Wizard of the Cells" among the police officials of that city. He is said to be able to unlock the door of almost any cell in some mysterious manner without the use of instruments.

Happy bridegroom: "Waiter, I want a dinner for two." Waiter—"Vill zo lady and gentleman haf table d'hote or a la carte?" Happy Bridegroom (generous to a fault, but weak in French)—"Bring us some of both, and put lots of gravy on 'em."

Mrs. Jennie P. Lane, of Smethport, Pa., has a big Newfoundland dog, which is a first-class substitute for a nurse. It takes the baby riding in the carriage every day. The dog holds the handle with its teeth, and wheels the coach as carefully as the infant's mother could.

Prince Bismarck's mastery of English is complete—he speaks it vigorously and colloquially. One of his hobbies is a big scrap-book containing a large selection of the cari-catures of himself which have appeared, and he will often show this to favored guests with huge enjoyment.

A short time ago a girl died at one of the Berlin hospitals from blood-poisoning, which investigation showed to have been caused by the light-blue taste of a dragoon sweetheart touching a scratch on her arm. It appears that there is some poisonous ingredient in the dye of this particular uniform.

Charles Lamb was sitting next a chattering woman at dinner, who, observing that he didn't attend to her, said: "You don't seem to be at all the better for what I am saying to you!" "No, ma'am," replied Lamb; "but the gentleman on the other side of me must, for it all came in at one ear and went out at the other!"

Yet another occupation has been found for women—that of acting as barometers. Weather Prophet Dunn is quoted as saying that one of the ways of telling whether the temperature was rising was to watch a girl's front hair. When it began to lose its curl and grow straight it would be a sure sign of a change of temperature.

What a queer fellow the Frenchman must have been who, for twenty years, loved a lady, and never missed passing his evenings at her house. She became a widow. "I wish you joy," cried his friend; "you may now marry the woman you have so long adored."—"Alas," said the poor Frenchman, profoundly dejected, "and if so, where shall I spend my evenings?"

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

A dinner dress, a useful one for evening musicals, is a white barege, with dots of green velvet applique worn over a light green. The corsage, in the shape of a little jacket, has drooping pointed revers of velvet of a darker green shade; the sharply pointed vest, the sleeves, the epaulettes, and the bow are of similar velvet. The corsage has pleated basques in front, and is terminated in the back by two ends falling almost to the edge of the skirt. The round skirt is trimmed around the foot with two rows of velvet drawn in careless folds, and held at intervals by large bows.

Smart tailor gowns of black or navy blue serge have "First Consul," or "Bonaparte," jackets, which flare away boldly in front to disclose waistcoats of white moire, and have double revers of the same silk, with slender sharp points extending out upon the shoulders, ornamented with small metal buttons; a short basque lined with moire extends across the back under the arms. Other tailor gowns have long coats, which may button double-breasted or be left open to disclose a chic waistcoat. These skirts are in all cases plain.

A lovely tan-colored mohair crepon, lined with silk of the same color, has a skirt a little over four yards wide and fastened in three godet folds behind, the bottom being cut in shallow waves across the back, to make the outer edge of the fold the length of the inner edge. A yoke and deep cuffs of rich jet trim the corsage, the front of which is draped with a wide black satin ribbon, which also girdles the waist. Yokes of lace, white or black, and passementerie are much used. A dinner gown of black moire and green velvet has an unlined yoke of jet beads set to a stock collar of green velvet. A black velvet gown, opening at the side to show a petticoat of black satin, and caught up on the hips with a jet girdle, has a white satin yoke and deep cuffs entirely overlaid with jetted lace, and is finished at the throat with a stock collar of cerise velvet.

The complexion veil is a novelty you may not have heard about. It is of pale pink Russian net sprinkled with black spots and very becoming to a pale complexion. There seems to be a great fancy for white spots and lace borders just now, but all black veils are much prettier. For wearing with large hats the double width French nets, which are gathered under the chin, are very smart. Some of the new bonnets have immensely wide strings edged with lace, which, when tied, form the fashionable scarf. A new model had broad green moire strings and black roses under the brim.

On nearly everything—everything in the shape of a bonnet, that is—does one see the glint and sparkle of spangles. A charming toque was of black net spangled in green, trimmed at one side with a saucy bow to match and a couple of pink roses. Roses are shown in very odd shades this time, some of them having that dull faded look which the natural ones have after standing in water for several days. Another pretty toque was of gold embroidery trimmed with two upstanding loops of pale blue spangled moire ribbon and a clump of faded roses. The arrangement of the flowers this spring is scarcely so pretty as one could wish. The small bunches of black violets, wired to stand upright, look like miniature trees. "Sunburned straw" seems to be popular, in spite of the fact that it is decidedly trying to the average complexion. Some of the shapes are positively startling.

A particularly stylish new hat is a modification of the Duchess of Devonshire shape, trimmed with four black plumes and a black moire antique bow. The flowers underneath the brim are violets and pink roses.

Coming to gowns, the latest fancy is for checked silks, taffetas or slightly heavier grosgrains, which are sometimes watered and are always glace. The ground may be shot in two colors, as pale green and white, with fine line crossbars of two colors, usually black and white, or else it has small blocks a third of an inch square of several colors. These silks are made into carriage costumes for spring, completed by a little bolero of cloth when in the street, while for the house they are charmingly trimmed with a collarette or fichu of embroidered mull.

Mirror moire antique is perhaps the most beautiful of the many novelties in silks for evening wear. Its coloring is so delicate, and it has such a rich sheen. An example of this material is in pale green, shot with heliotrope. Shot silks are every bit as popular as they were this time last year and much prettier. The new colors are very soft and attractive. Satin is fashionable, of course, and brocade too. The new brocades show no very striking effects.

A novel feature about a new evening dress is the sleeve which droops on the shoulder, thus disclosing the prettiest part of the arm. The bodice is of white satin, with jet trimmings and shoulder straps of the same. The black satin skirt is striped with jet.

Moire antique or moire and ecru lace are the materials of which everything smart in the shape of a wrap seems to be made this spring. Lace with deep vandyke points is the newest of the new trimmings. Charming little antique mantles are trimmed with it. It borders the little full shouldered cape and also edges the basque. The prettiest mantle is a sort of sleeveless jacket, close fitting and with a full basque and short cape. Another becoming model is a triple cape, with long ends in front, reaching nearly to the edge of the dress. Each cape is bordered with narrow cream lace. Many of the dressy little silk coats have lapels or revers of lace and a long lace edged silk scarf. These scarfs appear on many of the new cloaks and blouses. They are immensely popular at the moment.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Bed Bugs.—The semi-annual house-cleaning season calls forth a goodly number of directions for getting rid of bed bugs; some deadly poison, others as harmless to the bugs as to the rightful occupants of the house. The one to recommend, while perfectly harmless to the human family, is in some way very distasteful to the bugs—at least they soon disappear entirely where it is used. If the bedsteads are badly infested, make a strong solution of alum water, putting in as much alum as the water will dissolve, and wash the bedsteads with it hot. If this does not entirely destroy them, repeat the process in a week or two. They will probably be entirely subdued with the second application.

When once rid of them a wash with cold alum water when the house cleaning is done is sufficient to preclude their again obtaining a foothold.

The remedy is so simple that those who have been accustomed to hold the enemy at bay with kerosene, paris green, corrosive sublimate or other seemingly more powerful agencies, may be a little more sceptical in regard to its efficacy. Let such people simply try it thoroughly, and they will never go back to the old methods of warfare, neither will they find the contest a very long one.

Sponge Cake Roll.—Amongst the many desserts of which sponge cake is the basis, I know of none nicer than sponge cake roll, which is made as follows: For the batter, use a dozen eggs, a pound of granulated sugar and three fourths of a pound of flour. Grease a large biscuit pan, line it with greased paper, pour in enough batter to cover the pan about half an inch deep, before baking. Bake it carefully, so as not to burn either side. Wring a towel out of hot water, lay it on a board or table, turn out the cake upon it, and spread fruit jelly on it while it is warm. Then roll it up like a valise pudding, pinning the towel around it to keep it in shape till dinner time. Serve it either hot or cold, with wine or lemon sauce. Bananas, sliced thin and heavily sprinkled with sugar, make a nice filling for this roll. This quantity is enough for 10 or 12 persons. You can halve the proportions for a household of five or six members.

An Icing without Eggs.—An icing for cake that is popular among French and German cooks, and that is economical because it calls for no eggs, is made from a half poun of powdered sugar, a tablespoonful of boiling water, the grated yellow rind of an orange, and enough orange juice to moisten it. Put the sugar in a bowl, then add the rind, next the water, and lastly the juice, and use at once.

Plum Pudding.—One heaping cupful of bread crumbs, two cupfuls of flour, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of stoned raisins, one cupful of suet chopped fine, one cupful of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of soda, one teaspoonful each of salt, cloves and cinnamon. Steam two and one half hours.

Sauce for same—One cupful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful each of butter, vinegar and flour; flavor with nutmeg. Beat all together, and add one cupful of boiling water and let come to a boil.

Champagne Cake.—One cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, two eggs, half a cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda. Mix with flour to consistency of cookies; roll out, cut in strips, roll them in powdered sugar, and twist into rings. Bake a light brown.

Gingerbread.—One half cupful of sugar, one quarter cupful of butter, one half cupful of molasses, one cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two cupfuls of flour ginger, and allspice to taste.

THE BEDOUIN.

The Bedouin of the desert is not an idealist. His idea of the beautiful consists in naturalistic description of the things around him. This trait enables us to study the inner life of the sons of the desert through the writings of their poets. The Arab poet nearly always begins by speaking of himself. He praises his own virtues and belittles his enemy. Sometimes he sings the deeds of some prince whose good will he would gain.

Then he proceeds to give a most vivid description of his lady, comparing her face and figure with the trees, the flowers, and the animals of the desert. The terms used by those Arabs would not always be considered complimentary by Western ladies. The form of the poet lady is generally compared to that of a palm of the desert, or one of those sacred trees which the sons of the desert love to decorate with bits of ribbon and votive offerings to the lesser Genii.

Then he begins to draw upon the animal world for his comparisons, especially the antelope and the sheep. Antara, one of the poets, actually addresses his beloved with: "O darling sheep," which need not surprise us when we remember that the Biblical name Rachel means ewe. When the camel which bears the lady away vanishes in the distance Antara shed tears "like a bursting bottle." Her walk must be "or like unto the walk of the who is drunk with wine," or like one walk of the Quata bird, a species of prairie chicken. The Bedouin never praises a lady who has already become his. It would be ridiculous and "not good form."

Next to the lady of his desire comes, in the Bedouin's estimation, his camel, or rather dromedary, but only the females are thought valuable. He compares the girl of his heart to the dromedary and the dromedary to his girl.

The forefeet of his favorite camel are to him "like unto the arms of his love." The song of his girl is "sweet as the bellowing of a camel calling its young." Cows do not stand much lower in his estimation.

The chant of the Houris in Paradise is compared with the lowing of milch kine calling their calves. But the Arab of the desert is forced to depend entirely upon his camel. Its milk feeds him, it carries him wherever he wishes to go, its skin and wool clothe him. The Bedouins ride invariably females because their pace is the easier.

The males are used for heavy burdens. Generally, however, they are slaughtered early, as the sons of the desert cannot afford to waste milk upon animals which will not at some time give milk in return. Misfortune is described by the poets as a camel which bears none but male young. The wife of the Bedouin flatters him by addressing him as: "My darling camel, the one who bears and feeds me"

Still the camel cannot take the place of the horse in every way. The camel is never to be trusted in battle, and it is likely to lie down at any time, signifying its disapproval of the turmoil.

The horse is therefore the next to be praised by the Bedouin poet. It is often compared to a buzzer, a favorite toy of the Arab women, consisting of a disk with two holes, and through which a string is passed to make it revolve.

Personal bravery is rare among the Arabs, as among all Semitic people. Lessing's saying that men love to praise most those qualities which they do not possess is certainly true in the case of the Bedouins; they are for ever singing of their powers. Their bravery is, however, mainly exhibited in robberies, and even in these they do not like to kill anyone, for fear of the vendetta.

The soul of a murdered man is believed to change into a soda-bird calling aloud for vengeance. The Bedouin often blows upon his arrow, that his antagonist may escape with life. Only the wild Antara, their greatest hero, never did this, and he had negro blood in his veins. He often boasts in his wild song that, unlike others, fear of the vendetta never caused him to spare an enemy. To do useful work is not good form among the Arabs. The noble Bedouin is always described by his poets as busy with cup and dice when not engaged in a plundering expedition.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

A GENTLEMAN recently about to pay his doctor's bill said, "Well, Doctor, as my little boy gave the measles to all neighbors' children, and as they were attended by you, I think you can afford, at the very least, to deduct ten per cent. from the account of my bill for the increase of business we gave you."

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds,
Coughs,
Sore Throat,
Hoarseness,
Stiff Neck,
Bronchitis,
Catarrh,
Headache,
Toothache,
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, Asthma,
Bruises, Sprains,

Quicker Than Any Known Rdy, ene
No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with diseases may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will Afford Instant Ease.

It was the first and is the only Pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and

CURES

Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

This is to certify that in February, 1890, I had a severe attack of "La Grippe" and cured myself in twenty-four hours by the use of Radway's Ready Relief and Radway's Pills. I had another attack of the same dreadful disease in March, 1891, and used the same remedy with the same result. I do not know Radway & Co., the parties who manufacture these medicines, and I have always put very little faith in "Almanac Certificates," but if these few lines will only induce some suffering one to use the above remedy I will feel amply repaid for writing what I have. Respectfully,

E. L. BROWN.

J. W. BREWER, Ashburn, Pike Co., Mo.—"One bottle of Ready Relief and one box of Radway's Pills cured five in my family of that terrible complaint, 'La Grippe,' or Influenza."

W. THISTLE, Lowestoft, Suffolk, England.—"I thank God and you for your Ready Relief and Pills, which have cured me completely of La Grippe."

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF aided by RADWAY'S PILLS is the quickest and most effectual cure for

THE "GRIP."

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous Hereditary or Contagious.

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by all druggists. Price, One Dollar.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Indigestion,
Biliousness,
Constipation,
Dyspepsia.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25c per Box. Sold by druggists.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren St., New York, for Book of Advice.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Popular Science Monthly" furnishes both light and substantial fare in its number for June. The opening article by Dr. Andrew D. White, is on "The Final Effort of Theology." Prof. F. G. Wright gives an account of "The Cincinnati Ice Dam;" Dr. Austin Flint contributes an illustrated account of "The Eye as an Optical Instrument;" James L Hughes writes on "The Kindergarten a Natural System of Education." There is another instalment of A. R. Wallace's paper on "The Ice Age and its Work;" a biographical sketch, with portrait, of Conard Troost, for many years State Geologist of Tennessee, and other interesting papers. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

The June number of "The Quiver" is well supplied with good reading for the family. Among the contents are "The Book of Ruth," by Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, Lord Bishop of Ripon; "Medical Missionary Work in Palestine;" "The Childhood of Moses," a Scripture lesson; "The Love which is Omnipotent," "The Village by the Burn," "Some Unfashionable Slums," "Fresh Light on New Testament Texts," "Young Oxford of To-day," serials and short stories, poetry, music, etc. Almost every article is illustrated. The Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

Fresh instalments of two interesting serials are given in the June number of the "Cassell Family Magazine," and there is an abundance of other good reading. Special articles are: "Acapulco Galleon," "Life at Girton College," "Can Animals Count?" "Royal Authors and their Books," "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," being a description of the Bank of England; "Gardening in May," "Celebrated Artists," with fourteen portraits. Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

"Lippincott's" for June includes the following: "The Wonder-Witch," the complete novel by M. G. McClelland; "Sea Island Cotton Respun," "The Passing of the Essay," "The Bluebird's Song," poem; "The Rumpety Case," "The New Northwest Passage to the Orient," "Dusk in the Desert," poem; "Fairyland," poem; "Two in the Other Half," "On Reading Walt Whitman," poem; "Hot Work on the Pampas," "Admittance," quatrain; "My First Literary Acquaintances," etc. Published in this city.

SYMPATHETIC INKS.

SYMPATHETIC or secret ink may be defined as "any liquid with which we may write invisible letters that will not appear until some particular agent is employed to give them color." There are several varieties, requiring different treatment—one merely needing exposure to the air; another, to fire; a third, the application of a certain vapor; and so on.

Ovid, in his "Art of Love," teaches young women to deceive their guardians by writing their love-letters with new milk, and to make the writing appear by rubbing coal-dust over the paper.

Any thick and viscous fluid, such as the glutinous and colorless juices of plants, aided by any colored powder, will answer the purpose equally well. A quill pen should be used.

The most common method is to pen an epistle in ordinary ink, interlined with the invisible word, which, doubtless, has given rise to the expression "reading between the lines" in order to discover the true meaning of a communication.

Letters written with a solution of gold, silver, copper, tin or marcury dissolved in aqua fortis, or, simpler still, of iron or lead in vinegar, with water added until the liquor does not stain a white paper, will remain invisible for two or three months if kept shut up in the dark; but, on exposure for some hours to the open air, will gradually acquire color, or will do so instantly on being held before the fire.

Each of these solutions gives its own peculiar color to the writing; gold, a deep violet; silver, slate; lead and copper, brown; but all possess this common disadvantage—that in time they eat away the paper, leaving the letters in the form of perforations.

There is a vast number of other solutions that become visible on exposure to heat, or on having a heated iron passed over them; the explanation being that the matter is readily burnt to a sort of charcoal, simplest among which we may mention lemon juice or milk; but the one that produces the best result is made by dissolving a scruple of sal-ammoniac in two ounces of water.

Writing with rice water, to be rendered visible by the application of iodine, was practised successfully in the correspondence with Jelalabad in the first Afghan war. The letter was concealed in a quill. On opening it, a small paper was unfolded, on which appeared the single word "Iodine." The magic liquid was applied, and therewith appeared an important despatch from Sir Robert Sale.

In the course of a trial in France last year, a letter was read from a man named Turpin, a chemist, under sentence of five years' imprisonment as a spy, giving directions to a friend with a view to establishing a secret correspondence with him while in prison. This led to an official inquiry on the subject by the French authorities, and some strange revelations were obtained from some of the convicts.

It appears that when information has to be conveyed to a prisoner, a formal letter, containing apparently nothing but a few trivial facts of a personal nature, is forwarded to the prison. This is read by the governor, who stamps it, and allows it to be handed on to the man to whom it is addressed. The latter, however, is aware that there is another letter to be read within the lines, this being written in milk, and being easily decipherable on being rubbed over with a dirty finger.

Perhaps the most dangerous of its kind is one that was described in a French scientific journal at the beginning of 1883, at least it might proved so in unscrupulous hands. It consists of an aqueous solution of iodide of starch. In four weeks, characters written with it disappear, preventing all use or abuse of letters, and doing away with the documentary evidence of any kind in the hands of the recipiant.

But a recent discovering by Professor Brayiante of the University of Louvain, surpasses all inasmuch as no ink at all is required in order to convey a secret message. He lays several sheets of note paper on each other, and writes on the uppermost with a pencil; then selects one of the under sheets on which no marks of the writing are visible. On exposing this sheet to the vapor of iodine for a few minutes, it turns yellowish, and the writing appears of a violet-brown color. On further moistening the paper, it turns blue, and the letters show in violet lines.

The explanation is that note-paper contains starch, which, under pressure, becomes hydramide, and turns blue in the iodine fumes. It is best to write on a hard desk, say a pane of glass. Sulphurous acid gas can make the writing disappear again, and it can be revived a second time.

DO GHOSTS STILL WALK THE EARTH?—The two most eminent of America's tragic actors, Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett, have died within two years.

In their younger days they had been comrades in art and friendship, and towards the close of their lives they again became associated, and worked together in the field of Shakespeare and the great dramatists.

Booth played Brutus—dignified and calm; Barrett, Cassius—feverish and rash. Barrett was the energetic, restless, active spirit; Booth the placid, tranquil, easy-going.

They were playing together when Barret, in the midst of one of their performances, was stricken by a fatal illness, and was forced to leave the stage. Two days later he died.

When Mr. Booth, under contract, was obliged to reopen the theatre, the play was Hamlet. Barrett had, during that entire season, been playing the Ghost. When the Ghost of Denmark's King appeared many in the audience felt that the dead actor's spirit had returned. Mr. Booth himself declared that Barrett's face and form looked out at him from under the Ghost's gray disguise, and what was more striking still, it seemed to all present that Barrett's voice spoke the words of the spirit—"Doomed for a time to walk the earth."

When the Ghost, after vanishing through the portal, spoke again from underneath earth, Booth thought it must be Barrett who had come back again, and he was so overcome (at that moment remembering Barrett's fervent temperament), that he could hardly go on with the play, after he had said—"Rest, perturbed spirit, rest!"

SACCHARINE MONTH.—During their honeymoon they had been sitting and sighing and talking poetry in the balcony for three hours, all of which time he had both her hands tightly clasped in his. Finally she broke forth—"Tommy dearest, I want to ask you something." "Ask me a hundred—a thousand—a million things!" he exclaimed in reply. "Well, Tommy, I've got an awful cold in my head," she continued, "and, if I drew one of my hands away to use my pocket-handkerchief, would you think it unkind to me? Just once, Tommy, and then you may have my hand!"

AGENTS $75 A WEEK AT HOME, using or selling PRACTICAL PLATING DYNAMO. The most modern method, used in all factories to plate new goods. Plates gold, silver, nickel, etc., on watches, jewelry, table-ware, bicycles and all metal goods; fine outfits for agents; different sizes; always ready; no battery; no dirt; no experience; no limit to plating needed; a great money maker. W. P. HARRISON & CO., Clerk No. 15, Columbus, Ohio.

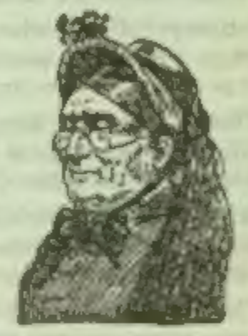
PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Pub. Chicago, Ill.

JOSIAH.

Thousands Sold at $2.50.

NOW OFFERED FREE.

There has been but one book written since MARK TWAIN'S palmy days that has possessed his power to charm by wit, and fascinate by fidelity to nature.



SAMANTHA

THAT LITERARY SENSATION IS

SAMANTHA at SARATOGA.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE
(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in balmy breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

ALL THE EXTREMES OF FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION.

"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE," in a vein of strong common sense that is pure and innocent as the prattle of a child, keeps the reader constantly enjoying

An Ever Fresh Feast of Fun.

It takes off follies, flirtations, low-necked dressing, dudes, pug dogs, tobogganing, etc., in the author's inimitable and mirth-provoking style.

The 100 Illustrations by Opper are Just Killing.

NEARLY 100,000 SOLD AT $2.50 EACH.

We will send this $2.50 Elegant Cloth Bound richly Illustrated Humorous Book as a premium for TWO yearly subscriptions to THE POST at $2.00 each. The Book alone will be sent, postage paid, for $1.50.

Address all orders to—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEER PARK AND OAKLAND

ON THE CREST OF THE ALLEGHANIES,

(MAIN LINE B. & O. R. R.)

SEASON OPENS JUNE 23d, 1894.

Rates, $60, $75 and $90 a month, according to location. Address

GEORGE D. DESHIELDS, Manager, Cumberland, Md., up to June 10; after that date, either Deer Park or Oakland, Garrett County, Md.

TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC ON THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—any "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for ten popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS

FOR INVENTIONS.

Equal with the interest of those having claims against the government is that of INVENTORS, who often lose the benefit of valuable inventions because of the incompetency or inattention of the attorneys employed to obtain their patents. Too much care cannot be exercised in employing competent and reliable solicitors to procure patents, for the value of a patent depends greatly, if not entirely, upon the care and skill of the attorney.

With the view of protecting inventors from worthless or careless attorneys, and of seeing that inventions are well protected by valid patents, we have retained counsel expert in patent practice, and therefore are prepared to

Obtain Patents in the United States and all Foreign Countries, Conduct Interferences, Make Special Examinations, Prosecute Rejected Cases, Register Trade-Marks and Copyrights, Render Opinions as to Scope and Validity of Patents, Prosecute and Defend Infringement Suits, Etc., Etc.

If you have an invention on hand send a sketch or photograph thereof, together with a brief description of the important features, and you will be at once advised as to the best course to pursue. Models are seldom necessary. If others are infringing on your rights, or if you are charged with infringement by others, submit the matter to us for a reliable OPINION before acting on the matter.

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
618 F STREET, NORTHWEST. WASHINGTON, D.C.
P. O. BOX 463. JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney.

☞ Cut this out and send it with your inquiry. ☜

Humorous.

OVERPOWERED.

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and say
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay:
If I should die to-night
And you should come in deepest grief and woe
And say, "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"
I might arise in my great white cravat
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night,
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel:
I say, if I should die to-night,
And you should come to me there and then,
Just even hint about paying that ten,
I might rise the while
But I'd drop dead again.

—U. N. Nonx

What is higher when the head is off? A pillow.

If a woman were to change her sex what would she become?—A he then.

A newspaper speaks of a man being gored by an angry bull, as if a good-natured bull would do such a thing.

Tommy: "Paw, what is a Anarchist?" Mr. Figg: "He is a man who cannot stand other people's prosperity."

What a curious language English is! A man is late when he is dead and gone, and a train is late when it hasn't come.

Tanning by electricity is being much talked of as an undoubted success. But for domestic uses the slipper is more convenient.

What is that which if I had it I would not wish to lose, if I have it not I do not wish to have it, but if I gain it I no longer have it? Lawsuit.

When a man thinks himself a genius, he lets his hair grow long: when a woman thinks she has a mission to fulfil in life, she cuts her hair short.

A little girl in a primary school, being asked to tell the difference between the words foot and fool, replied: "One foot is a foot, but a whole lot of foots is a fool."

Somebody tried to excuse a liar to Dr. Johnson, saying: "You must not believe more than half what he says."

"Ay," replied the doctor; "but which half?"

When the daughters are infants, mothers are anxious to keep matches out of their reach. Quite the reverse takes place when they grow up, for then the puzzle is to find the matches.

"Is marriage a failure?" asked Spilkins of a former flame, who had been a party to a May and December marriage.

"No," she replied, with a glance toward her husband in the next room; "not a failure, only a temporary embarrassment."

She: "Your attentions to me, sir, must cease at once. I have just learned that you are married."

He: "Yes; but permit me to explain, in justice to myself, that I have only just this moment learned that you are single."

Wife: "He is very sick, isn't he, doctor?"

Doctor: "Yes, indeed."

"Well, doctor, if there is anything very serious the matter with him, tell me all about it in such a way that I can't understand it."

It is not given to every one, perhaps fortunately for the general peace, to be as ready at retort as the critic to whom the following question was addressed by an artist: "Don't you think it about time I exhibited something?" "Yes; a little talent!" was the reply.

"Violet, dearest, do you play that tune often?" asked Hugh Montresmor of his affianced.

"Yes, pet, and when we are married I'll play it all the time."

Then Hugh went out and shuddered himself to death.

A clergyman who was consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, spoke in a very serious tone, remarking that "He was one of the few; you cannot find his equal, you know." To which the sobbing fair one replied, with an almost broken heart, "I don't know, but I'll try."

"May," said her husband, as they prepared to go out calling, "do you really mean to use those calling cards with your name spelled 'Mae Kathryn Alys Smith'?"

"I certainly do!" replied Mrs. May Catharine Alice Smith

"Very well, then," said her husband, firmly. "I am with you." And he politely handed her a card neatly inscribed: 'Jorje Phrederyc Albyrt Smith."

A Frenchman, boasting in company that he had thoroughly mastered the English language, was asked to write the following dictation:

"As Hugh Hughes was hewing a yule-log from a yew-tree, a man dressed in clothes of a dark hue came up to him and said, 'Have you seen my ewes?' 'If you wait till I hew this yew, I will go with you anywhere to look for your ewes.'"

Why Lost Folk Go in Circles.—The fact that people lost on a desert or in a forest invariably walk in a circle is due to a slight inequality in the length of the legs.

Careful measurements of a series of skeletons have shown that only ten per cent. had the lower limbs equal in length, thirty five per cent. had the right limb longer than the left, while in fifty-five per cent the left leg was the longer.

The result of one limb being longer than the other will naturally be that a person will unconsciously take a longer step with the longer limb, and consequently will trend to the right or to the left, according as the left or right is the longer, unless the tendency to deviation is corrected by the eye.

The left leg being more frequently th longer, as evidenced by measurement of the skeleton, the inclination should take more frequently to the right than to the left, and this conclusion is quite borne out by observations made on a number of persons when walking blindfolded.

The inequality in the length of the limb is not confined to any particular sex or race, but seems to be universal in all respects.

A Wrinkle for School Teachers.—"Oh, I make a good addition to my income by taking photographs of my pupils in groups," said a school teacher recently.

"I bought a camera solely for amusement at first, but one day I had a fancy for taking the school, and with the head master's permission I took a photo of all the scholars in the playground. I developed the plate and the picture came out well. Being naturally a trifle proud of the first group I had taken, I printed a few copies and showed them to some of the boys. I suppose they went home and told their parents 'teacher had taken their likeness'; at any rate, several boys brought notes asking how much the photos were each.

"I charged 25 cents each, and from that one negative I printed and sold over eighty copies. Since then I have invariably taken the school every six months, never on any occasion failing to sell at least twenty copies. Besides this, I occasionally go to other schools for the same purpose, so that my camera, instead of only affording me amusement, brings me in several dollars a year which I should not otherwise have obtained."

Easy to See.—The great scarcity of servant girls in girls in Boston has led to the importation of a considerable number of farmers' daughters from the back districts of the state of Maine to serve in fashionable city houses. The want of familiarity on the part of these girls with city ways and language has led to some queer scenes.

On a certain afternoon a lady called at a fine residence in Beacon Street, where one of the girls was employed, and rang the bell. A rustic named Samantha answered the call.

"Can Mrs. Croesus be seen?" the visitor asked.

"Kin she be seen?" snickered Samantha. "Well I ruther guess she kin; she's six feet nigh and four feet wide, and you can't see much of anything besides when she's around!"

In a Maine town a little while ago the local champion liar was brought up before the justice for stealing hens. It was a pretty plain case, and, by the advice of his lawyers, the prisoner said, "I plead guilty." This surprising answer in place of the string of the expected staggered the justice. He rubbed his head. "I guess—I am afraid—well, Hiram," said he, after a thoughtful pause, "I guess I'll have to have more evidence before I sentence you."

German Baptist Annual Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the German Baptist Brethren will be held at Meyersdale, Pa., on the Pittsburg Division of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, commencing May 24th, 1894.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Meyersdale and return from all stations on its system of lines at rate of one first-class fare for the round trip. From points east of and including Pittsburg and Wheeling the tickets will be sold from May 22nd to 28th inclusive, and will be valid for return passage within thirty days from date of sale.

From points west of Pittsburg and Wheeling the tickets will be sold from May 21st to 26th inclusive, and will be valid for return passage within thirty days from date of sale.

For time of trains, etc., address nearest Agent of the B. & O. R. R. Co or O. P. McCarty, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. S. W R'y, St. Louis, Mo.; L. S. Allen, Assistant Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R, Chicago, Ills.; E D. Smith, Div. Pass Agent, B. & O. R. R., Pittsburg, Pa., or B. F. Bond, Div. Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.; Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

BRIGHT EYES
—AND—
Blonde and Brunette,

Companion Pictures in Beautiful Colors as a Premium to Subscribers to

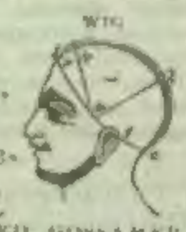
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One objection to picture-premiums is that they have to be framed afterwards. The Saturday Evening Post gets over this difficulty and expense in the pair of magnificent new companion pictures, in beautiful colors, they are now offering, "Bright Eyes" and "Blonde and Brunette." These pictures are two of the most beautifully-artistic, finely-colored and life-like portraitures of childhood ever put before the public. No description can give an idea of their loveliness, beauty and charm. They must be seen to be appreciated. But their chief advantage is that just as we send them they may be hung up WITHOUT FRAME OR GLASS. The frame is done without by their being held between strong, highly-polished brass borders, with hook for hanging, and the usual glass is dispensed with by the high, clear varnish, enabling the pictures to be rubbed off and dusted without injury to the delicate colors beneath. The pictures are mounted on strong paper, are 16x22 inches in size, and will be sent to every person who sends to us, direct, $2.00 for a year's subscription. Address

The Saturday Evening Post,
725 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artistes IN HAIR



Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. (INCHES.	FOR WIGS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck. No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 28, '83. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

To Mrs. Richard Dollard, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING. None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

Dr. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinders.

On and after MAY 20, 1894.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express	daily 9.00 a m	Ar. at B. & O. R. R. Depot, Pittsburg, 7.30 a m
Parlor and Dining Car		
Chicago Express (Sleeper) daily 8.45 p m		
Buffalo Express (Sleeper) daily 9.45 p m		
Williamsport Exp. (Parlor Cars	w'k d's 8.35, a m. 4.00 p m	10.00
Williamsport Night Exp. (Sleeper) daily 11.30 p m.		

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.25 a m, (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining car), 1.30, 3.30, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining cars, p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.45, 11.33 a m, 3.30 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut, 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.32, 8.06, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.25, 7.40, 11.08 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.39, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.25, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.39 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.39 p m

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.10 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, (Saturday only 2.00) 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 3.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 21 S. Fourth street, 629 S. Third street, 3662 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

J. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

IF YOU WANT INFORMATION ABOUT

PENSIONS

Address a letter or postal card to
THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, - - Managing Attorney.
P. O. Box 402, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PENSIONS PROCURED FOR
SOLDIERS, WIDOWS,
CHILDREN, PARENTS.

Also, for Soldiers and Sailors disabled in the line of duty in the regular Army or Navy since the war. Survivors of the Indian wars of 1832 to 1842, and their widows, now entitled. Old and rejected claims a specialty. Thousands entitled to higher rates. Send for new laws. No charge for advice. No fee until successful.

DEXTER SHOE CO., Inc'p. Capital, $1,000,000.
BEST $1.50 SHOE IN THE WORLD.
"A dollar saved is a dollar earned."

This Ladies' Solid French Dongola Kid Button Boot delivered free anywhere in the U.S., on receipt of Cash, Money Order, or Postal Note for $1.50. Equals every way the boots sold in all retail stores for $2.50. We make this boot ourselves, therefore we guarantee the fit, style and wear, and if any one is not satisfied we will refund the money or send another pair. Opera Toe or Common Sense, widths C, D, E, & EE, sizes 1 to 8 and half sizes. Send your size; we will fit you. Illustrated Catalogue FREE

DEXTER SHOE CO., 143 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Special terms to Dealers.

MAGIC LANTERNS
AND VIEWS.

For Public Lectures, School, Church or Home.

WORLD'S FAIR

and other interesting subjects. Send 2c. stamp for Catalogue.

J. W. MARUY SCIOPTICON CO.,
108 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOKKEEPING SIMPLIFIED. (WAGGENER'S.)
Mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Send for Circular. C. B. Deacon, Publisher, 239 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fee until patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

WORK FOR ALL. $75 a month salary and expenses paid. If you want employment write at once to P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.